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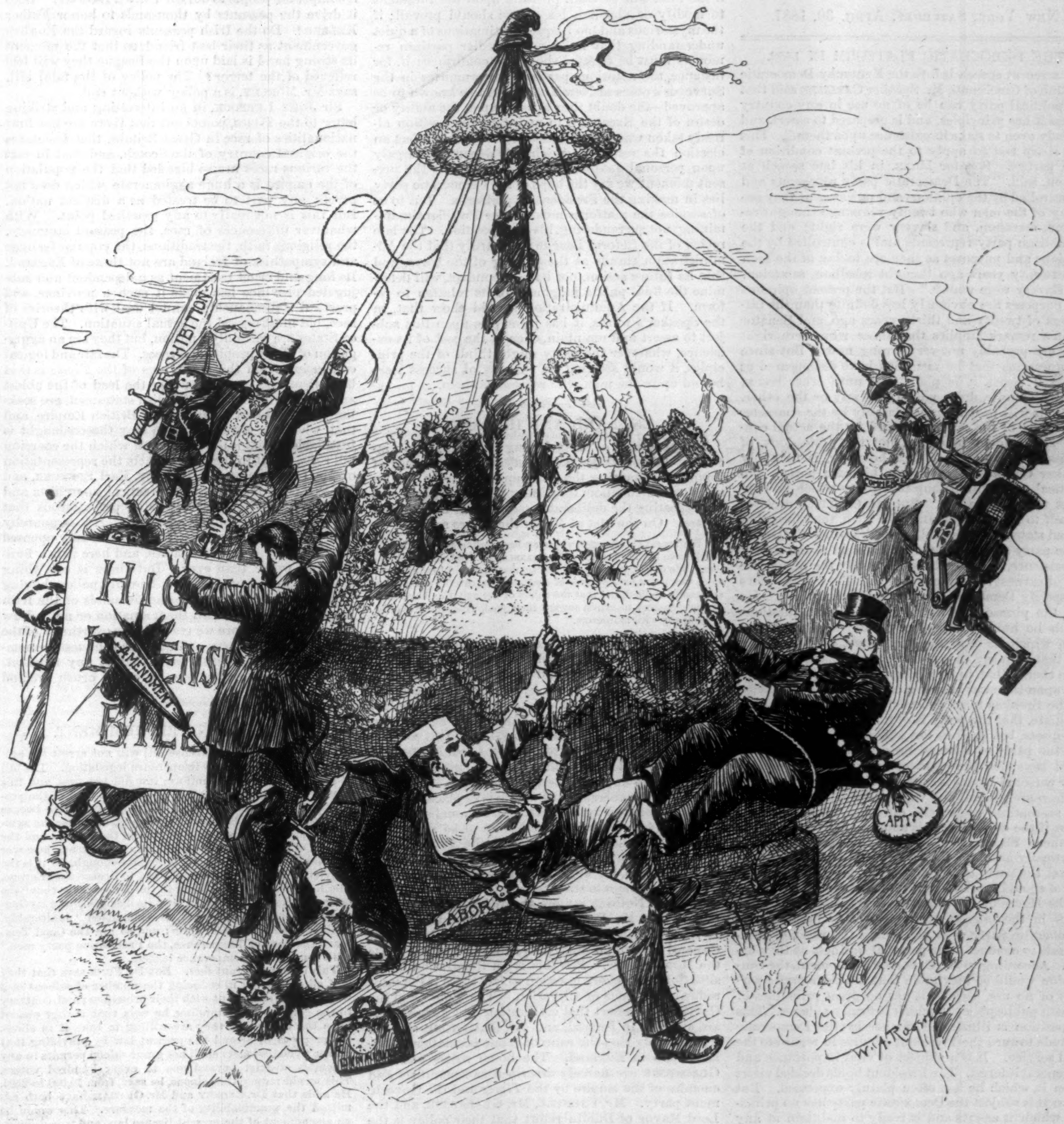
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AROUND COLUMBIA'S MAY-POLE.

DANCERS AT CROSS-PURPOSES.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

In the number for April 26 the Third Part of "The Victim of an Advertisement" brings that story to a happy conclusion; the scene of "The Colonel's Money" shifts from Devonshire to London, introducing a new character.

The first of three articles on

DRIVING,

BY COLONEL THEODORE A. DODGE, U. S. A.,

appears in this number.

"Pomegranate Seeds" is the title of a May-day Play for the little ones, by MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *with illustrations by* ALFRED BRENNAN; *"Postage-Stamps—Collections and Collectors," by* MRS. E. W. LATIMER, *contains much curious information about stamps that will interest both young and old collectors.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1887.

THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM IN 1888.

IN a recent speech before the Kentucky Democratic Club of Cincinnati, Mr. Speaker CARLISLE said that "a political party can be of no use in any country unless it has principles, and is prepared to assert, and is ready even to stake its existence upon them." This is a sharp test to apply to the present condition of both parties. Senator HOAR, in his late speech at Boston, said, "The Democratic party represents and is controlled by the opinions and purposes as they are to-day of the men who twenty years ago thought rebellion, secession, and slavery were right; and the Republican party represents and is controlled by the opinions and purposes as they are to-day of the men who twenty years ago thought rebellion, secession, and slavery were wrong." But the present opinions and purposes are obviously less definite than the traditions of twenty and thirty years ago, and Senator HOAR's remark implies that those who were right then are probably not very wrong now. But since the questions that he mentions have disappeared as practical issues, it is plain that until other issues, equally definite, draw voters one way or the other, elections will be determined largely by the character and career of the candidates, and by the actual conduct and evident tendency, not the professions, of parties. Our present object, however, is to apply Speaker CARLISLE's remark to his own party. No practical man will belong to a party which he confesses to be of no use. But Mr. CARLISLE declares himself to be a Democrat. We wish, therefore, that he had stated the practical principles which the Democratic party asserts and maintains even at the risk of its existence, and which alone justify the adherence to it of earnest and practical men. The Speaker does not specify Democratic principles in his speech. He uses the phrase, and he mentions certain questions which he holds to be pressing and important, and upon which, he says, the party must take its stand. But that is to say that it has not yet taken its stand upon them—that, in fact, it has not asserted its principles upon the most pressing of questions. If that be so, the Speaker must concede, according to his own postulate, that the party is of no use. It must stand, he repeats, but he does not affirm that it does stand, "as the party of law and order; for the people; for equal laws; for the right of individuals to conduct their personal business as they desire."

These are general and vague propositions, and they are susceptible of widely differing interpretations. Thus, if the colored vote is suppressed in parts of the Southern States in which the Democratic party is practically absolute, the Democratic party is certainly not the party of law and order, nor of the people, nor of equal laws. If, again, the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives refuses to revise the tariff in the interest of more equable taxation, the Democratic party does not secure the right of individuals to conduct their personal business as they desire. According to Mr. CARLISLE's statement, the conclusion would be inevitable that the Democratic party is of no use, because it has no great principles of present public policy to which it firmly adheres. This proposition is illustrated further by the Democratic attitude toward the President's course in regard to the civil service. It is a subject of vital importance and of general interest. The President holds decided views upon it, which he has often plainly expressed. But upon this subject the Democratic party has no principle which it asserts and is ready to maintain at any cost; on the contrary, it is a subject which disturbs and divides it. Here is other evidence, according to Mr. Speaker CARLISLE, that the Democratic party, having no fixed principles, is of no use. It has no common principle or purpose in regard to the tariff, to the currency, or to administrative reform. And despite the general statements of the Speaker, which are theoretically sound, the fact is plain that the appeal of the Democratic party to the country in 1888 will not be for any definite principles which it asserts as a party, and upon which it will stake its existence, but solely upon the administration and personal character of a President whom it will renominate because it knows that he has won the confidence of "the plain people" of the country, but whom its leaders, while they accept, evidently do not like, and whose distinctive reform principles are certainly not the traditional or declared principles of his party.

It is unquestionable that if the President's name should be presented to the Convention and rejected, the result would be properly interpreted as a repudiation of his views and course, and nothing would so certainly destroy the Democratic chance of success. The hope of the Democratic party in 1888 lies in making the President its platform. He is believed to have principles and a purpose which the country largely approves, and until that belief changes he will command the nomination. While the present feeling for Mr. CLEVELAND continues it will be very difficult, in the actual political situation, to present any mere party argument which will successfully withstand such a personality. But if that feeling should change; if the incessant partisan pressure upon the President to modify or abandon his course should prevail; if the mysterious and too frequent intimations of a quiet understanding that more and speedier partisan removals must be effected should be confirmed; if, for instance, the notorious partisan performances in the Surveyor's office at New York should be known to be approved—the doubt thus thrown upon the ability or desire of the Executive to maintain the position already taken would unquestionably seriously affect an election the result of which will depend so largely upon personal qualities and character. At the present moment we say the hope of the Democratic party lies in making the President its platform. But to be of service the platform must be the President maintaining, not surrendering, his own position. The late report of the Reform League states truly that the Administration stands at the parting of the ways, and that its future action, not its past conduct, will determine the final public judgment of its relation to reform. If the Administration should show that, in the Speaker's words, it has principles upon this subject to assert and maintain, even at the cost of its existence, whatever the party might think of the principles, it would see that its chances of success were bound up in the man who represents them.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

THE bitterness of party feeling in Great Britain increases daily. Major SAUNDERSON, in the House of Commons, charging the Irish members to be the associates of men whom they knew to be murderers, was but repeating the deliberate assertions of the London *Times*. On the 31st of March the *Times* said:

> "We repeat the charges which we have deliberately made, and which have not been met by Mr. PARNELL, Mr. DILLON, or any one else. We say, as we have said before, that the Land League movement was based on a scheme of assassination carefully calculated and coolly applied, and that the chiefs of the agitation have been, and are, content to march toward their goal, whatever it may be, in company with murderers."

The *Times* follows the scene in the House of Commons when Mr. HEALY and Mr. SEXTON gave the lie to Major SAUNDERSON, and the Speaker compelled him to withdraw the words, by printing the fac-simile of a letter in a strange hand, to which on the fly-leaf an alleged signature of Mr. PARNELL is attached in his own writing, apologizing to EGAN in this country for denouncing the murderers of Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH and Mr. BURKE in 1882. This letter, published on the day that the question upon the second reading of the coercion bill was to take place, was solemnly denounced by Mr. PARNELL as a malicious forgery. It is wholly unlike the act of so singularly cool and sagacious a man; but as the *Times* insists upon its authenticity despite Mr. PARNELL's denial, it is to be hoped, for every reason, that the House will compel the *Times* to show the grounds of its persistent assertion. Nothing is more absurd than the Tory contention that Mr. PARNELL must disprove the charge. It is as foolish as it would have been to insist that General GARFIELD must prove that he did not write the MOREY letter. But this is an illustration of the situation. On every question of fact there is the most radical difference of allegation. The *Times* and the Government assert that civilization and government are at stake in Ireland, and Mr. GLADSTONE and his friends reply that the ratio of crime is smaller in Ireland than in England. The home rulers and Mr. GLADSTONE are fiercely described as separatists and enemies of the empire by the *Times* and the Government party. Mr. PARNELL, Mr. GLADSTONE, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin retort that their policy is the only one that assures a permanence of the empire.

Mr. JOHN MORLEY, in a late speech in London, analyzes the coercion bill. The bill authorizes two resident magistrates summarily to inflict six months' imprisonment for intimidation or conspiracy, or anything done to incite these offences. The discretion of the magistrates is to decide upon the fact of incitement. But, as Mr. MORLEY points out, the resident magistrates are not lawyers, they have no knowledge of the rules of evidence, no practice in applying them, no experience in courts and judicial procedure, and they hold their office at the pleasure of the Government. "They would be more than human," says Mr. MORLEY, "if they were not subject to bias, temptation, or prepossession in doing what the Government regard as right and expedient in the public interest." The provision of the bill to bring Irishmen to England for trial he describes at length in its character and effect, and does not believe that the better Conservative sentiment in England would support so vindictive and deplorable a proposal. The frightful instances of the sufferings of boycotted persons in Ireland Mr. MORLEY describes as hateful, but he says truly that they only serve to show a state of feeling which no law can reach. Even Mr. Justice STEPHEN, who is a strong supporter of the Government, admits that he does not see how refusal to associate with a man, to visit him, to employ him, or to recommend him, could be prevented by an act of Parliament. Mr. MORLEY denounced and ridiculed the assertion that the Irish people lie under the terrorism of the League. Has it coerced the Catholic Church? Does it compel the people to devour *United Ireland?* Does it drive the peasants by thousands to honor Father KELLER? Do the Irish peasants regard the English government as their best friend, so that the moment its strong hand is laid upon the League they will feel relieved of the terror? The policy of the fatal bill, says Mr. MORLEY, is a policy without end.

Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, in an interesting and striking letter to the *Times*, points out that there are not four nationalities of race in Great Britain, that Ireland is the original country of the Scotch, and that in fact the various races are so blended that the population of the empire is a huge agglomerate which does not permit any part to be treated as a distinct nation. But this is not really to any practical point. With whatever differences of race, the peasant language, the religious faith, the traditions, the popular feelings and sympathies of Ireland are not those of England. Its long and cruel treatment as a dependent and subjugated province has made it such a province, and practical statesmanship cannot deal with theories of race, but must regard the actual situation. The United States are certainly a nation, but they are an aggregation of many peoples and races. The fair and logical conclusion from the reasonings of the *Times* is that barbarism and anarchy, under the lead of the ablest and most enlightened of English statesmen, are seeking to overwhelm a part of the British Empire, and that whatever is necessary to stay the onslaught is justifiable. That is the basis upon which the coercion bill rests. But in the light of facts the representation of Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. MORLEY, Earl SPENCER, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT as practical anarchists and enemies of civilized society is so preposterous that the whole scheme built upon it falls. If it be anarchy that you oppose, they say, you have already opposed it in this way a hundred times, and here it is a hundredfold worse than ever. But there is one thing that you have never tried—a friendly policy, having regard to the exact wishes and demands of the Irish people, whether you call them a nation or not. Now let us try that before we resort to the overthrow of the monuments of liberty and another conquest, remembering, as Mr. PARNELL says, that at any moment, were it necessary, the empire could crush Ireland hopelessly.

LICENSE AND REFRESHMENT.

THE veto of the high license bill will not arrest the agitation for more stringent temperance legislation. The bill of 1885 providing for a uniform law did not pass, and this year the extraordinary spectacle was presented of the prohibitionists and the saloons jointly opposing high license for New York and Brooklyn. There is, of course, no sympathy between the prohibitionists and the saloons, and the ground of prohibitionist opposition to high license, however untenable it may seem to be, is obvious enough, for it is the conviction that the State ought not to license sin or crime. The Rev. Dr. FUNK, in a letter to the *Tribune*, says that "the entire Methodist Church, in both its discipline and its General Conference utterances, is committed 'unalterably' against license in every form; and so are the Good Templars, the Sons of Temperance, the Prohibition party men," with conspicuous temperance leaders.

This is an important fact. But Dr. FUNK says that they will all gladly aid in reducing the number of saloons in a way which is consistent with their principles; and, contrary to the general understanding, he says that if they cannot have the whole loaf, they are willing to take it in slices. He proposes to amend the present law by providing that Excise Commissioners shall not grant saloon permits in any Assembly district beyond one to every hundred voters. This would reduce the saloons, he says, from 10,000 to 2500. He adds that Dr. CROSBY and Mr. GRAHAM have both admitted the practicability of the measure. This would be an amendment of the present license law, and it is compatible with any rate of license that may be adopted, and with the various provisions of the bill of 1885 that failed, such as previous publication of the names of applicants for license, prohibition of sale to minors and in tenement-houses and on excursion boats, and prohibiting concealment of the interior of liquor-selling premises, besides disqualifying the premises on conviction or revocation of license.

If the prohibitionists are willing to support amendments to the present law which would effectively diminish the number of saloons, which is the declared object of the movement, it would be wise to consider what can be done. In any case, the amendment suggested by Dr. Funk would be a good one for any license bill. High license and restriction of the number of saloons to the number of voters would certainly tend to attain the end sought. But there is another movement which should be warmly sustained by prohibitionists, and that is a movement to provide pleasant coffee-rooms where drinks that are not intoxicating should be sold. Drinking is not the gratification of an appetite only; it is a social pleasure; and the saloon might well be reformed into a coffee-room.

A VERY HANDY BOOK.

The papers recently read by Mr. William M. Ivins before the Commonwealth Club upon machine politics and money in elections, in New York city, have been issued in a very neat and convenient form in "Harper's Handy Series." They make a unique and valuable manual for the student who would know the methods of practical politics, and see what a complicated system has grown up under our simple popular form of government. The organization of the machine is clearly set forth; its extent and its opportunities, and its dangerous power under a scheme of party administration. The manual further states in detail the outlay of money at elections and the chances of enormous corruption, and finally it gives a clear and concise sketch of the British election laws, by which such corruption is effectually checked.

The club at its last meeting, in pursuance of the discussion opened by the papers of Mr. Ivins and Mr. Bishop, considered the practicability of adapting the English law to our use, and Mr. Walter Howe read a bill, drawn by experts in city politics, providing for nominations and for printing and distributing ballots—a scheme, as Mr. Howe said, which would not be followed immediately by the Millenium, but which would undoubtedly relieve some of the serious difficulties which experience has revealed. The more the present system is understood, the more evident it is that there could not well be a worse one, and the Commonwealth Club would have fully justified its organization if it had done no more than stimulate this debate.

The manual of Mr. Ivins, with the paper of Mr. Bishop, to which we alluded a week or two since, is an admirable presentation of the urgent necessity of reform in the civil service, not in any abstract and general way, but as it is understood and advocated by the National Reform League. The *Evening Post*, in some remarks upon the next election, says that "the paramount consideration with the Mugwumps is the civil service." It was undoubtedly that question which decided the last election, and it will be a very much stronger force in 1888 than it was in 1884, and every reader of Mr. Ivins's little manual will have a keener sense of its importance.

POSTMASTER SHELLEY.

In the Kansas City *Journal* of March 29 there is a report of a Democratic Convention to nominate municipal officers. We observe that a remark of one of the speakers

> "brought Postmaster Shelley to his feet, who treated the Convention to one of his characteristic fiery speeches. 'If it had been Mr. Heim's intention to decline the nomination,' said Mr. Shelley, 'he should have made it known some time ago, and not have waited until the Convention had gone this far. It is no time for him to act the part of the coward now and back down. Heim should step to the front, like a true and faithful Democrat, and fight the battle for his party. I was a Glass man, but he has declined the nomination, and now I am a red-hot Heim man.'"

Upon a motion to adjourn, Postmaster Shelley made the following speech, as reported:

> "'Before you put that motion, Mr. Chairman, I will say that one or two persons have just left this hall to see if certain parties can be induced to accept the nomination for Mayor. If they do, they will win. I have seen worse fights than this—worse ones right here in this city. If these gentlemen who want to adjourn will wait awhile they will probably learn whether or not we can get a candidate. If the Democrats have no one who will run for Mayor, let us come out flat-footed and say so and disband. The Democratic party will live long after the men in this hall have gone; it lived and was defeated for twenty-five years, and then it won a victory. There are twenty men in this hall who can beat Bismarck. We don't want any Bismarck or any emperor here. I think we will wipe up the ground with him. There are men in this hall who can beat him if they can be induced to run. If I were in a position to run for the office, I would like no better chance than this.'"

We do not know whether any good citizens of Kansas City have brought this report, properly authenticated, to the Executive attention. But if it be accurate, it is clearly a case of violation of the warning to office-holders to avoid obtrusive partisanship, manipulation of party primary meetings and nominating conventions, and all dictation of party action.

ANOTHER HERO.

Last week an express train upon the New York Central Railroad, at two o'clock in the morning, ran into a landslide near St. Johnsville, in the Mohawk Valley. The locomotive was detached, and rolled down the embankment into the river, but the cars kept the track, and the passengers were unhurt. The train from the other direction was due about the same time, and as the engineer, Edward Kennah, went down with his locomotive, he cried out, "Flag the train, boys!" and was instantly killed.

This was one of the incidents which are constantly occurring, and which illustrate the noblest character and heroism. There is nothing finer in the anecdotes of famous heroes than the composure and care for others in the moment of certain death which are so frequently shown by railroad employés. They are the perpetual assurance of the survival of the best qualities of human nature under new and less romantic forms. The old legends of Curtius leaping into the gulf, of Leonidas at Thermopylæ, of Arnold von Winkelried, are stories of patriotic devotion. But the bravery is no truer, the superiority to circumstances is no more ennobling, than in the case of Edward Kennah, the engineer at St. Johnsville.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, by its sturdy hardihood, intelligence, and sound judgment, stands in the front of labor organizations in this country, and with every instance of such conduct as Kennah's, public respect for it is confirmed.

MORE LIGHT UPON THE SCHOOLS.

The publication of *English as She is Taught*, or genuine answers to questions in the public schools, as collected by Miss Le Row, throws a very curious and suggestive light upon the schools. The schools are not to be summarily denounced for such illustrations of grotesque misconception of the methods of education. But the extent of such waste of time and study should lead to reform, and the extent is much greater than is supposed. This may be inferred from some notes of the same kind as those of Miss Le Row, made by another teacher, who has kindly placed them in our hands. They show that instruction in the public schools must be made to conform to common-sense. Here are some of the children's exercises:

THE LEGEND OF THE TROJAN WAR.

> "The son of the King of Spata abused the hospitality of the King of Troy by carrying off his most beautyfull daughter Helen, at this the Greecians flew to arms to discover the faithless woman. Troy held out for three years and at last the Greecians were defeated and Ulyees had some trouble getting home."

THE FOUNDING OF ROME.

> "There were some virgils who could tell whether any one was going to die. One of them married. It was not right for virgils to marry so they put them in a basket on the tiber. When they grew up, they built Rome and restored the throne to their grandfather Alba Longa."

> "Christ was crucified at Antioch in Syria."
> "Christ was crucified in the 19th year of his age."
> "Christ was crucified 19 years B.C."
> "Christ was born at David" (Luke, ii. 11).
> "Christ was crucified in the reign of the Roman Emperor Pharaoh."

ACCOUNT OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

> "He conquered all the known world—There was more known than when Augustus reigned—He crossed the Rubicon to Alexandria—He made a conspiracy against Rome, but was successful—He came into Spain and to Rome—At the Senate they pulled there cloaks around him and he said 'What Brutus! thou too Casca?' And in the year 27 B.C. in the 44th year of his reign and the 76 of his life he left a wife."

The fable of the "Fox and the Grapes" was read, with the exception of the moral. The pupils were asked to write the story and supply the moral.

> "A horse passing along saw some lucicious grapes hanging. He picked two then threw them down and went away saying 'The grapes are sour.'
>
> "The moral is—he got the grapes."

CLEOPATRA.

> "Cleopatra was a very wicked woman. She was persecuted by Antony and died of the bight of an asp, or the prick of a poisonous needle, and then she found she had to go to Rome in chains."

Moore's "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea" was read, and the cause of rejoicing explained, and the pupils were requested to write the substance of the stanza.

> "Moore has beautifully piticured in verse how Jeovah and his people escaped from Ferro by crossing a sea. He says thus sound the loud tymbal Jeovah has escaped from the army of Ferro by crossing the sea thus separating themselves from Ferro and his army by the sea; both men, horses and chariots of Ferro went down."
>
> "When the tempest sounded over the sea, the people cryed Jeovah is free."

> "Charles Martel was famous for conquering the Sarons and himself King. He was the son of Pepin the first Colovian monach. He was called by a French name Charlemange although he was not a French man.
>
> "Mohammed succeeded Charles Martel."

ACCOUNT OF MOHAMMED.

> "Mohammed was born in the sacred city of Mecca in the year 570. He did not go out into Public life untill he was about 40 years of age he had always been a rich merchant he could neither read or write after his fortyeth Birthday he became a christian and went to the old communion of God. He fled July 15 622, and died in 632 A.D. Hegira was the wife of Mohammed."

MONASTERIES.

> "Miss ——, I cannot understand the lesson."
> "What is the matter?"
> "I have looked out the word c-e-l-i-b-a-c-y in the dictionary, and I don't understand the lesson. It says that the monks made a vow of celibacy—that means they mustn't get married—but I don't see how that could be, for it says they were of great value to the land for [reading from the book] 'they raised nurseries and became excellent husbandmen.'"

THE MAY "HARPER."

In the May number of Harper's Magazine there is an article of great interest and significance upon "The Recent Movement in Southern Literature." It is copiously illustrated with exquisite portraits of the chief authors of the *renaissance* which the article describes, and which is one of the happiest events which has followed the war. It is undoubtedly true that the characteristic life and traditions of the Southern part of the country have been hitherto largely unrepresented in literature, except in the one great and historic tale which did so much to arouse public feeling in the rest of the country against slavery.

But the early and radical differences of feeling had separated the two great sections of the Union, and the conditions of the Southern section were not favorable to literary development. Of the remarkable change which has followed the happy reunion of the States this article is a most interesting and authentic account, nor has the subject, so far as we know, been elsewhere treated. Another graphic and attractive paper in the May number is that upon "Acting and Actors," written by the famous French actor Coquelin for the Magazine. It is a delightful supplement to the paper upon the "Comédie Française" in the April number, and the profuse illustrations are exceedingly felicitous and spirited. There is a simple frankness and freshness in the tone of the article which is very agreeable.

Mr. Meeker's picturesque "Journey through the Caucasus" is continued with unabated interest, and Mr. Abbey's illustrations to "Kitty of Coleraine" are as charming as the tripping lines and happy conceit of the little poem. In "April Hopes" Mr. Howells leads us most naturally to an extreme emergency, which, if not wholly unprecedented, must not be spoiled by any intimation less delicate than his own treatment. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's "Mexican Notes" follow, full of the acute and sympathetic observation which distinguishes all his records of travel. Professor Richard T. Ely begins a second series of "Social Studies" with a paper upon the "Nature and Significance of Corporations." He is a devoted and earnest student of social science in its larger sense, and his sympathies are in the highest degree popular and democratic. Yet he holds to a clear distinction between the proper function of the individual and of the state, and his series will well repay the attention which it will command. These are but some of the articles which make the Magazine a mirror of the various intellectual activities and interests of the time.

PERSONAL.

Madame Gerster's friends in America will be glad to learn, on the highest authority, that the prima donna is in excellent health this spring, in Paris, receiving callers, and driving in the Bois de Boulogne, and devoting herself with characteristic charm to her duties as wife and mother. Her two children, Linda and Bertha, bright little girls of five and two years respectively, give her more pleasure than she ever received during her triumphs on the lyric stage. But Amina in *La Sonnambula* is still her favorite rôle, and she expects ere long to resume it.

—Next October Mr. Charles Dickens will begin in this city a course of public readings from the works of his father. He is about forty-five years old, with brown hair and mustache, and of nearly the same height and build as the elder Dickens, but less pronounced in dress. The indications are that he will make a fortune, as the demands for his services are already many. He has already had two years' experience as a public reader, and is supposed to reproduce his father's original conceptions of the characters in his father's novels.

—During his many travels through the country Mr. Beecher was in the habit of sleeping in a blanket-bag when in railroad cars and railroad stations at night. The bag consisted of a plush blanket sewed up at the side and the bottom, and was used because it kept off the draughts. The distinguished preacher did not disdain to snore loudly at times. He was always in search of useful information. At a malt-house in Geneva, New York, while waiting for a train, he astonished the proprietor by his information concerning the various grades of malt, and he once told a nurseryman at Rochester more about trees than the latter had ever thought of. Major Pond, who travelled with him off and on for thirteen years, declares that he was destitute of ambition, and that his leading purpose was to acquire truth and transmit it.

—Mr. Walt Whitman will soon lecture in Boston. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who contributed to the purchase of a horse and one-horse chaise for the venerable poet, has agreed to further the enterprise in every way in his power, and Professor Charles Eliot Norton writes: "I shall with great pleasure do whatever may be in my power to promote the success of the lecture, and to secure Mr. Whitman a hearty and honorable welcome. I had the pleasure of listening to him in the Madison Square Theatre last Thursday."

—The handwriting of distinguished Bostonians is usually more delicate and perspicuous than that of distinguished New-Yorkers, as any one who has ever received epistles from Mr. Lowell, Dr. Holmes, Professor Norton, or the late Mr. Longfellow will testify. More pains is taken in forming the letters, and the total result wears an air rather of neatness than of despatch. Why this is so has never been explained.

—The T. B. Clarke prize at the Academy of Design goes this year to Mr. T. W. Dewing; the Hallgarten prizes to Mr. Alfred Kappes, Mr. W. L. Palmer, and Mr. D. W. Tryon; and the Norman W. Dodge prize for women to Miss Mary Curtis Richardson for her portrait called "Lenten Lilies."

—Mark Twain's successful reading tour two years ago, in company with Mr. George W. Cable, was his own business venture, and by it he netted, clear of all expenses, $16,000, from the first week of November to the first week of March following. He paid Mr. Cable $500 a week and his expenses. It was he who first introduced Mr. Cable to the business of public reading, having started him in Hartford the year before the joint tour. His idea was that two authors on a platform, reading from their own works, would be less monotonous, and therefore more attractive, than one.

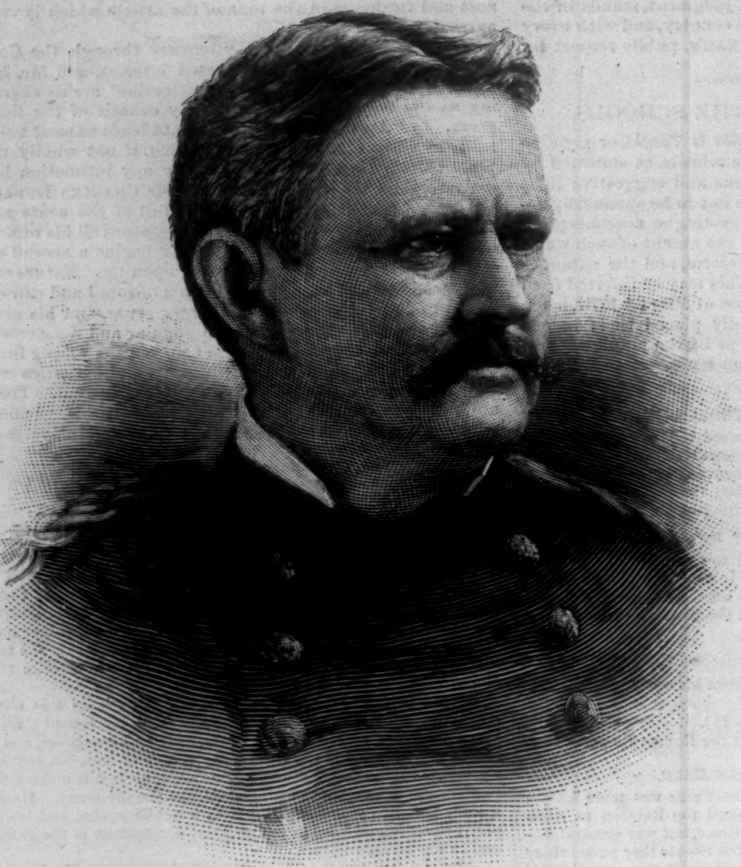
—The most successful lecturer on astronomy in this country is Mr. Garrett P. Service, a member of the staff of the *Sun*, and the President of the Brooklyn Astronomical Society. He particularly excels in the lucidity of his explanations and the beauty of his stereopticon illustrations.

—It is understood that Mr. P. D. Armour, of Chicago, has decided to move to Milwaukee, and that a magnificent residence in process of erection on Grand Avenue in the last-named city will be occupied by him. The reason of the proposed change is said to be the fact that he contemplates accepting the presidency of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad, in which he has a larger interest than any other man except the late President Alexander Mitchell.

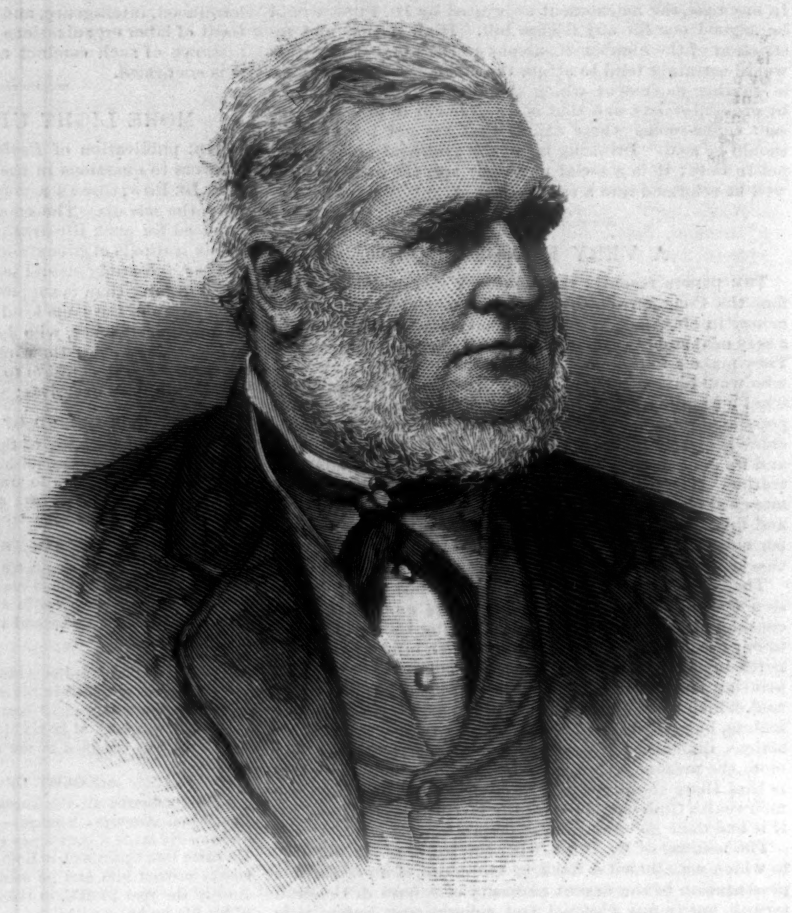
—Mr. W. L. Picknell and Mr. Henry Bacon are among the American painters resident abroad who will return to this country for the summer. Mr. Bacon has not been at home for many years.

—General N. P. Chipman, Logan's aide-de-camp during the war, as well as the last Representative from the District of Columbia who sat in Congress, is now living at Red Bluff, California. His fine house, with many art treasures, was burned recently. The only picture he saved was Loetze's painting of "Fort Sumter after its capture by the Rebels." Another relic from the fire which he values highly is a bound volume of private letters from Thomas Nast, with many humorous pen-and-ink sketches.

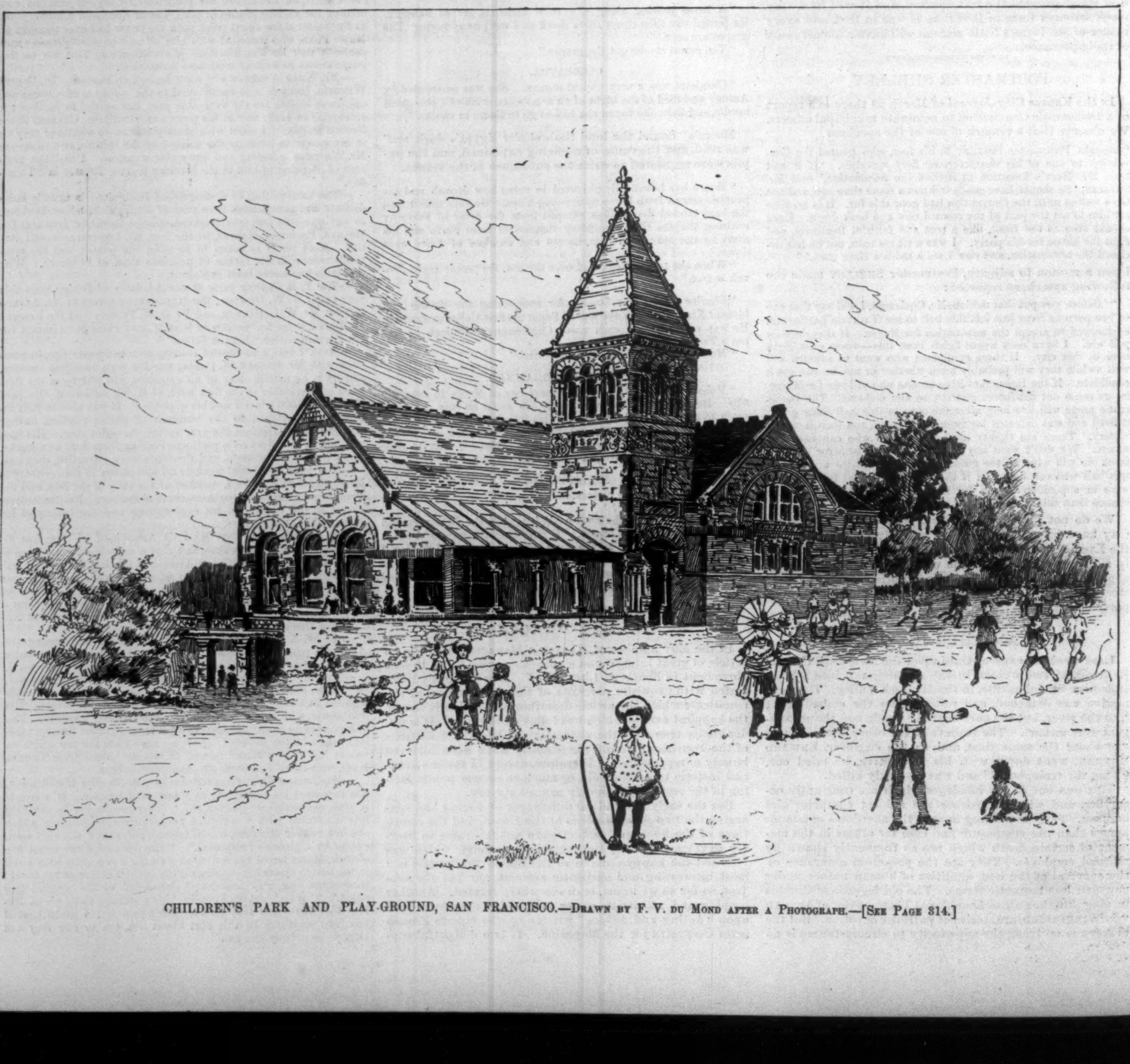
—Mr. Thomas Hardy's delightful new novel, *The Woodlanders*, has increased his reputation as a poet and painter. It abounds in such characteristic touches as: "There can hardly be anything less connected with a woman's personality than drapery which she has neither designed, manufactured, cut, sewed, nor even seen, except by a glance of approval." "Having tossed till about five o'clock, Marty heard the sparrows walking down their long holes in the thatch above her sloping ceiling to their orifice at the eaves; whereupon she also arose, and descended to the ground-floor again." "'Well,' said old Timothy, ''tis a strange thing about doctors that the worse they be the better they be; I mean that if you hear anything of this sort about 'em, ten to one they can cure ye as nobody else can."



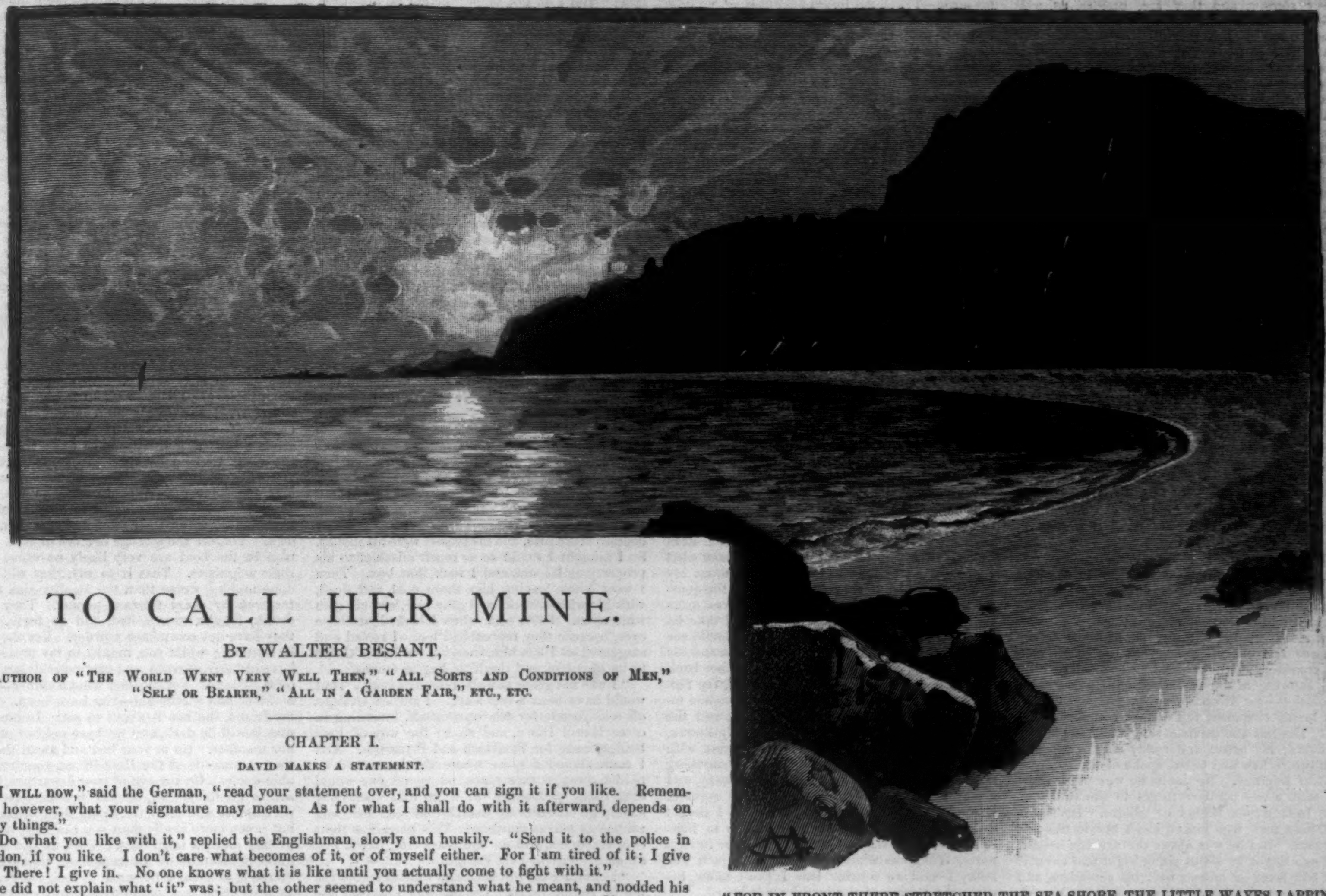
BRIGADIER-GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT.—[See Page 315.]



THE LATE ALEXANDER MITCHELL, OF MILWAUKEE.—[See Page 315.]



CHILDREN'S PARK AND PLAY-GROUND, SAN FRANCISCO.—Drawn by F. V. du Mond after a Photograph.—[See Page 314.]



"FOR IN FRONT THERE STRETCHED THE SEA-SHORE, THE LITTLE WAVES LAPPING SOFTLY AND CREEPING SLOWLY OVER THE LEVEL WHITE CORAL SAND."

TO CALL HER MINE.

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN," "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "SELF OR BEARER," "ALL IN A GARDEN FAIR," ETC., ETC.

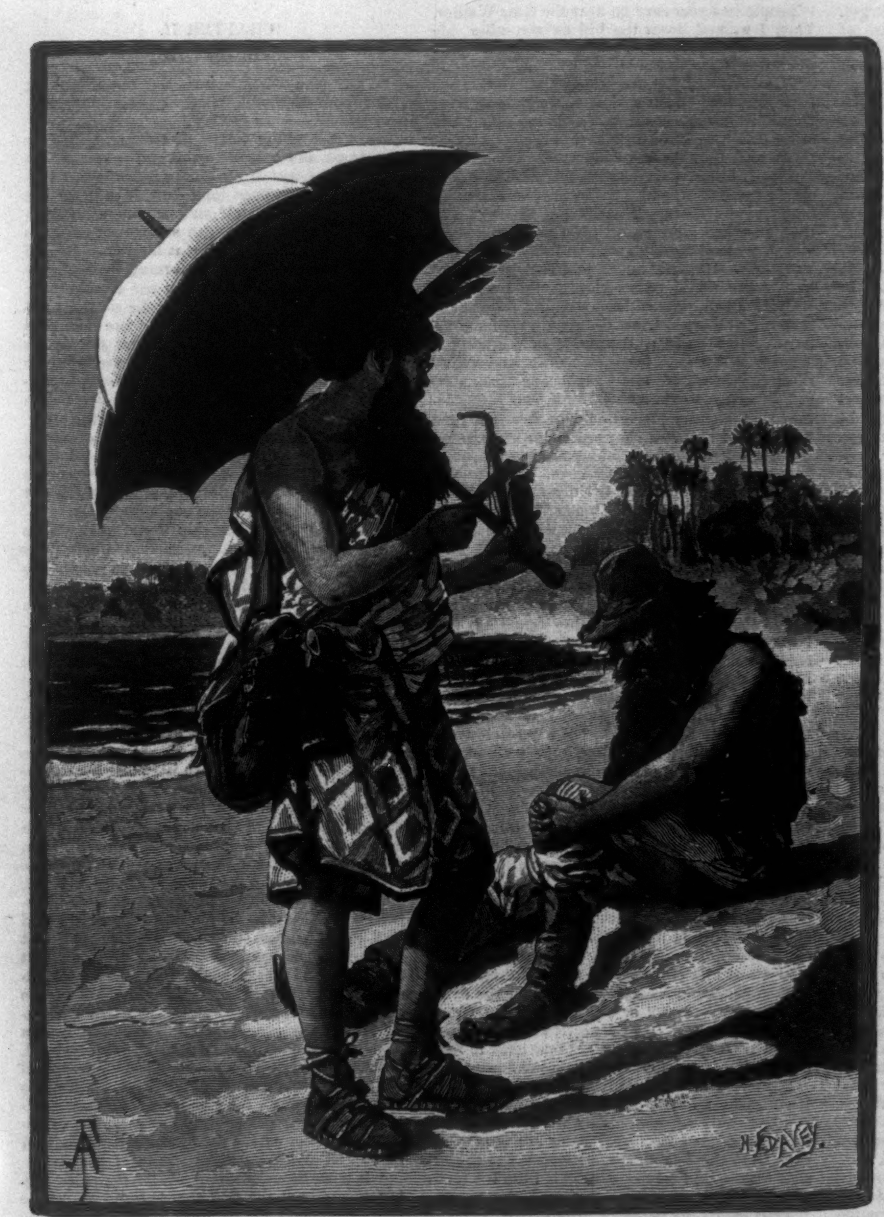
CHAPTER I.

DAVID MAKES A STATEMENT.

"I WILL now," said the German, "read your statement over, and you can sign it if you like. Remember, however, what your signature may mean. As for what I shall do with it afterward, depends on many things."

"Do what you like with it," replied the Englishman, slowly and huskily. "Send it to the police in London, if you like. I don't care what becomes of it, or of myself either. For I am tired of it; I give in. There! I give in. No one knows what it is like until you actually come to fight with it."

He did not explain what "it" was; but the other seemed to understand what he meant, and nodded his head gravely, though coldly. "It," spoken of in this way, is generally some foe to man. If toothache, or earache, or any ordinary physical evil, had been meant, that German, or any other German, Frenchman, Russian, or Englishman, would have nodded his head with a sympathetic murmur. Since there was no murmur, therefore there was no sympathy.



"I WILL NOW READ YOUR STATEMENT OVER, AND YOU CAN SIGN IT IF YOU LIKE."

The two men were, as you will presently admit, a most curious couple to look upon, set among most remarkable surroundings, if only there had been any spectators or audience to watch and admire them. The scene—none of your conventional carpenter's scenes, but a grand set scene—was, if possible, more interesting than the couple in the foreground. For in front there stretched the sea-shore, the little waves lapping softly and creeping slowly over the level white coral sand; beyond the smooth water lay the coral reef with its breakers; at the back of the sandy shore was a gentle rise of land, covered with groves of cocoa-palms and bananas; among them were clearings planted with fields of sweet-potatoes and taro; two or three huts were visible beneath the trees. Again, beyond the level belt rose a great green mountain, five or six thousand feet high, steep, and covered to the summit with forest. Here and there a perpendicular cliff broke the smoothness of the slope, and over the cliff leaped tiny cascades—threads of light sparkling in the evening sunshine. The time was about six—that is, an hour before sunset; the air was warm and soft; the sloping sunshine lay on grove and clearing, sea-shore and mountain-side, forest and green field, making everything glow with a splendid richness and prodigality of color, softening outlines and bringing out new and unsuspected curves on the hill-side. The mid-day sun makes these thick forests black with shade; the evening sun lights them up, and makes them glorious and warm with color.

As one saw the place this evening, one might see it every evening, for in New Ireland there is neither summer nor winter, but always, all the year round, the promise of spring, the heat of summer, and the fruition of autumn; with no winter at all, except the winter of death, when the branches cease to put forth leaves, and stretch out white arms, spectral and threatening, among their living companions in the forest. Sometimes one may see whole acres of dead forest standing like skeletons by day and like ghosts by night, till the white-ants shall have gnawed their way through the trunks to prepare their fall, and till the young shoots at their feet shall have sprung up round them to hide the ghastly whiteness of death. The reason of this commingling of spring and summer, autumn and winter, is that the latitude of New Ireland, as everybody knows, is about four degrees south, which is very near the isothermal line. People who desire to feel the warmth of this latitude—a warmth which goes right through and through a man, like light through a pane of glass—need not go so far as New Ireland, but may stop on their way at Singapore, where there are not only no cannibals, but the hotels—there are no hotels in New Ireland—are "replete," as the advertisements say, "with every comfort."

Considering that New Ireland has been visited by so very few, and that the place is as yet entirely unexplored, the fact that here were two Europeans upon it at the same time, and yet not arrived there with the same objects, was in itself remarkable; the more so because its people have a curious and cultivated taste in cookery, and prefer roasted Brother Man to the roast of any other animal, insomuch that missionaries have hitherto avoided these shores, feeling that to be killed and eaten before converting anybody would be a sinful waste of good joints. After the conversion of many, indeed, the thing might take the form and present the attractions of serviceable martyrdom.

Where the situation and the scene were both so remarkable, it seems almost superfluous to point out that the appearance of both men was also remarkable; although, among such surroundings, any man might well strive to live and present an appearance up to the scene. One of them—the German—was a man of colossal proportions, certainly six feet six in height, and broad in proportion, with strong shoulders and well-shaped legs—both legs and shoulders being bare, and therefore in evidence. He was still quite a young man—well under thirty. His hair was light brown, short, and curly; an immense brown beard covered his face and fell over his chest. His eyes were blue and prominent, and he wore spectacles. His dress was modelled generally, but with modifications, on the dress of the inhabitants of these islands. His only robe was a great piece of Feejee tapu cloth, white, decorated with black lozenges and a brown edging; it was rolled once round his waist, descending to his knees, and was then thrown over his left shoulder, leaving the right arm bare. The sun had painted this limb a rich warm brown. He wore a cap something like that invented, and patented for the use of solitaires, by Robinson Crusoe: it was conical in shape, and made of feathers brightly colored. He had sandals of thin bark tied to his feet by leather thongs, and he wore a kind of leather scarf, from which depended a revolver case, a field-glass in a case, a case of instruments, and a large water-proof bag. These constituted his whole possessions, except a thick cotton umbrella, with a double cover, green below and white above. This he constantly carried open. He was smoking a large pipe of the shape well known in Germany. Lastly, one observed in him a thing so incongruous that it was really the most remarkable of all. You know the Robinson Crusoe of the stage; you know the holy man or the hermit of the Royal Academy. Both the Robinson Crusoe of the stage and the St. Anthony of the desert in the picture are as clean as if they had just come out of the bath, or at least had been quite recently blessed with a heavy shower, and they are, besides, as well groomed as if they had just completed a careful morning toilet. Now Robinson on his island and the hermit in his desert may have been picturesque, but I am quite certain that they were always unkempt, unclean, and uncared-for. This young man — say this young gentleman — was most carefully groomed, although he was on a cannibal island. His hands were clean, and his nails did not look as if they had been torn off by the teeth (I have often thought of poor Robinson's sufferings in this respect); his face was clean; his hair neatly cut, though it was cut by his own hands, and had been brushed that day; his great beard was carefully combed; and his toga of native cloth was clean. Now a neat and clean beach-comber is a thing never heard of. Always they are in rags; and when they do descend so low as to wear the native dress, they have generally assumed and made their own the manners and customs of a native.

This interesting person was, as I have said, a German. Now what is pedantry in an Englishman is thoroughness in a German. No Englishman could have worn this dress without feeling as if the whole world's finger of scorn was turned upon him; but to the German the dress was part of the programme. He had learned the language, and what he could of the manners, before landing on the shore. A dress as nearly as possible approximating to the Polynesian garb was a natural accompaniment to the language. The spectacles, the umbrella, and the cap of feathers were necessary concessions to European civilization.

The other man, one could see immediately, was an Englishman. It was also clear to any one who had eyes and understanding that he was an Englishman of country birth and breeding. To begin with, his clothes were not those of a sailor. The rough flannel shirt, which had lost all its buttons and one of its sleeves; the coarse canvas trousers; the old boots broken down at heel, and showing in the toes an inclination—nay, a resolution—for divorce between sole and upper; the broad shapeless felt hat—all spoke of the soil. His gait and carriage sang aloud of ploughed fields; his broad and ruddy cheeks, his reddish-brown hair and beard, spoke of the south or west of England. No doubt he was once—how did such a one contrive to get to the shores of New Ireland?—a farmer or laborer. He was a well-built man, who looked short beside this tall German. But he was above the average height. His age might be about six or eight and twenty. His hair hung in masses over his shoulders, and his beard was thicker than his companion's, though not so long; and so far from being clean and trim, he presented a very unwashed, uncombed, and neglected appearance indeed. His face, which had been once a square full face, was drawn and haggard; his eyes, which were meant to be frank, were troubled; and his carriage, which should have been upright and brave, was heavy and dejected. He seemed, as he stood before the other man, at once ashamed and remorseful.

"Listen; I will read it carefully and slowly," said the German. "Sit down while I read it. If there is a single word that is not true, you can alter that word before you sign."

The man sat down obediently—there was a curious slowness about his movements as well as his speech—while the German read the document, which was written very closely on two pages of a note-book. Space was valuable, because this note-book contained all the paper there was on the island of New Ireland, and had, therefore, to be husbanded. He read in a good English accent, not making more confusion of his f's and v's than was sufficient to assert his pride of nationality. And as he read he looked down upon the man whose words he was repeating with contempt and astonishment. For the man had done so dreadful and terrible a thing; he had committed a crime which was horrible, and required the white-heat of rage and fury; and yet the man looked so pitiful a creature!

"Listen," he said again, "and correct me when I am wrong."

This was the paper which he read on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, and on the island of New Ireland, one evening in the year 1884:

"I, David Leighan, farmer, of the parish of Challacombe, Devonshire, being now on an island in the Pacific Ocean, where I expect to be shortly killed and eaten by the cannibals, declare that the following is the whole truth concerning the death of my uncle, Daniel Leighan, of the same parish, farmer.

"He jockeyed me out of my property; he kept on lending me money in large sums and small sums, and making me sign papers in return, and never let me know how much I owed him; he made me mortgage my land to him; he encouraged me to drink, and to neglect my farm. At last, when I was head over ears in debt, he suddenly brought down the law upon me, foreclosed, and took my land. That was the reason of our quarrel. I staid about the place, sometimes at Challacombe, sometimes at Moreton, and sometimes at Bovey, till my money was nearly all gone. Then I must either starve, or I must become a laborer where I had been a master, or I must go away and find work somewhere else. I had but thirty pounds left in the world, and I made up my mind to go away. It was a day in October of the year 1880, which I remember because it was the cold, wet season of 1879 which finished my ruin, as it did many others, who that year came to the end of their capital or their credit. I went to see my uncle, and begged him to lend me thirty pounds more to start me in Canada, where I'd heard say that fifty pounds will start a man who is willing to make his own clearance and to work. I was that sick of myself that I was willing to work like a negro slave if I could work on my own land. But work in England on another man's land I could not. Said my uncle—I shall not forget his words—'Nephew David,' he said, grinning, 'you've been a fool and lost your money. I've been a wise man and kept mine. Do you think I am going to give you more money to fool away?' I wonder I did not kill him then and there, because it was through him and his lendings that I came so low. He sat in his room at Gratnor, his account-books before him, and he looked up and laughed at me while he said it, jingling the money that was in his pocket. Yet I asked him for nothing but the loan of thirty pounds, which I might pay back, or perhaps I mightn't. Thirty pounds! And I was his nephew, and by his arts and practices he'd jockeyed me out of a farm of three hundred acres, most of it good land, with the brook running through it and a mill upon it. What was thirty pounds compared with what he'd got out of me?

"I remember very well what I said to him—never mind what it was—but I warrant he laughed no longer, though he kept up his bullying to the end, and told me to go to the devil my own way, and the further from my native parish the better. So I left him, and walked away through Watercourt to John Exon's Inn, where I sat all that day drinking brandy and water. I told nobody what had happened, but they guessed very well that I'd had a quarrel with my uncle, and all the world knew by that time how he'd got my land into his own possession.

"About six o'clock in the evening Harry Rabjahns, the blacksmith, came to the inn, and Grandfather Derges with him, and they had a mug of cider apiece. And then, being more than a bit in liquor, but not so far gone as not to know what I was saying, I began to talk to them about my own affairs. I told them nothing about the quarrel with my uncle, but I said, what was quite true, that I had no stomach to stay and take laborer's wages in the parish where I should see all day long the land that had been mine and my father's before me, and his father's, further back than the church registry goes. Why, the Sidcotes and the Leighans came to Challacombe together—the Sidcotes to Sidcote Farm, and the Leighans to Berry Down—as everybody knows, when it was nothing but hill-side and forest, with never a house, or a field, or a church, or anything upon it. Therefore I said I should go away, and it was my purpose to go away that very evening. I should walk to Bovey Tracey, I said; I should take the train to Newton-Abbot, and so to Bristol, where I should find a ship bound for foreign parts. That was what I said, and perhaps it was lucky I said so much. But I don't know, because the verdict of the jury I never heard.

"'Well, Mr. David,' says Harry the blacksmith, 'you've been an unlucky one, sir, and we wish you better luck where you be going—wherever that may be.' And so said Grandfather Derges. And Mrs. Exon must pour out a last glass of brandy and water, which I took, though I'd had more than enough already. Then we shook hands, and I came away.

"'Twas then about eight, and there was a half-moon, the night being fine and breezy, and flying clouds in the sky. As I crossed the green the thought came into my head that I was a fool to go to Bristol when Plymouth and Falmouth were nearer and would suit my purpose better. I could walk to Plymouth easy, and so save the railway money. Therefore I resolved to change my plan, and instead of turning to the left by Farmer Cummings's, I turned to the right at Ivy Cottage, and walked across the church-yard, and took the road which goes over Heytree Down to Widdicombe, and then leads to Ashburton and Totnes.

"It was only a chance, mark you, that I took that road; only a chance. I did not know, and I did not suspect, that my uncle had ridden over to Ashburton after I left him. All a chance it was. I never thought to meet him; and he might have been living till now if it hadn't been for that chance."

The man who was listening groaned aloud at this point.

"The first two miles of the road is a narrow lane between high hedges. What with the brandy I had taken and the memory of the morning quarrel, I was in as bad a temper as a man need to be, which was the reason why the Devil took possession of me.

"Presently I passed through Heytree Gate, and so out where the road runs over the open down, and here I began to think—the Devil getting in at my head—what I would do if I had my uncle before me; and the blood came into my eyes, and I clutched the cudgel hard. Who do you think put that thought into my head? The Devil. Why did he put that thought into my head? Because the very man was riding along the road on his way home from Ashburton, and because I was going to meet him in about ten minutes."

"Why," asked the German, looking up from the paper—"why is it that criminals and ignorant people cling so fondly to their Devil?"

As nobody replied, he went on reading:

"I heard the footsteps of his pony a long way off. I was in the middle of the open road when I heard him open Hewed-stone Gate with his hunting-crop and clatter through. I saw him coming along in the moonlight. While he was still a good way off, before I could see his face, I knew who it was by the shape of his shoulders and the way he bent over the pony as he rode. Then I saw his face, and I stood still by the side of the road and waited for him. 'Murder him! Murder him!' whispered a voice in my ear. Whose voice was that? The Devil's voice.

"My stick was a thick heavy cudgel with a knob. I grasped it by the end and waited.

"He did not see me. He was looking straight before him, thinking, I suppose, how he had done well to get his nephew out of the way—the nephew he had robbed and ruined. So, as he came up to me, I lifted my arm and struck him on the head once, crying, 'Give me back my land, villain!' But I do not know whether he heard me or saw me; for he fell to the ground without a word or a groan.

"He fell, I say, from his pony clean on to the ground, his feet slipping from the stirrups. And there he lay, on the broad of his back—dead.

"He was quite dead. His face was white and his heart had ceased to beat. I stood beside him for an hour, waiting to see if he would recover. I hoped he would, because it is a dreadful thing to think that you have murdered a man, even when you are still hot with rage. If he would only recover a little and sit up, I thought, I should be a happy man.

"But he did not. He lay quite still and cold.

"Then I began to think that if I were caught I should be hanged. Would they suspect me? Fortunately no one had seen me take that road. I was certain of that, so far, and they thought I had gone to Bovey. I must go away as quickly as I could, and leave no trace or sign that would make them suspect me.

"Then I thought that if I were to rob him, people would be less inclined to think of me; because, though I might murder the man who had ruined me, they would never believe that I would rob him.

"I felt in his pockets. There was his watch; no, I would not touch his watch. There was some loose silver, which I left. There was a bag containing money. I know not how much, but it was a light bag. This I took. Also he had under his arm a good-sized tin box in a blue bag, such as lawyers carry. The box I knew would contain his papers, and his papers were his money. So I thought I would do as much mischief to his property as I could, and I took that box. Then I went away, leaving him there cold and dead, with his white cheeks and gray hair, and his eyes wide open. I felt sick when I looked at those eyes, because they reproached me. I reeled and staggered as I left him, carrying the box with me in its blue bag, and the little bag of money.

"I was not going to walk along the road. That would have been a fool's act. I turned straight off and struck for the open moor, intending to cross Hamil Down, and so, by the way of Post Bridge, make for Tavistock and Plymouth. And I remembered a place where the box could be hidden away, a safe place, where no one would ever think of looking for it, so that everybody should go on believing that the old man had been robbed as well as murdered. This place was right over the down, and on the other side, but it was all on my way to Post Bridge.

"I climbed the hill then and walked across the top of Hamil Down. On the way I passed the Grey Wether Stone, and I thought I would hide the bag of money in a hole I knew of at the foot of it. Nobody would look for it there. Not twenty people in a year ever go near the Grey Wether. Then I walked down the hill on the other side and got to Grimspound, where I meant to hide the other bag with the box in it.

"Tell them, if you ever get away from this awful place, that the box lies on the side nearest Hamil, where three stones piled one above the other make a sort of little cave, where you might think to draw a badger, but which would never make any one suspect a hiding-place. The stones are in the corner, and are the first you come to on your way down. There I put the box, and then I walked away past Vitifer to Post Bridge, and then along the high-road to Two Bridges and Tavistock. But I did not stop in Tavistock. Perhaps there would be an alarm. So I went on walking all the way without stopping—except to sit down a bit—to Plymouth. There I got a newspaper, but I could read nothing of the murder. Then I took the train to Falmouth, and waited there for three days, and bought a newspaper every day—one would surely think that a murder in a quiet country place would be reported—but I could find not a single word about my murder.

"Then I was able to take passage on board a German ship bound for New York. I got to New York, and I staid there till my money was all gone, which did not take long. There I made the acquaintance of some men, who told me to go with them, for they were going West. They were all, I found, men who had done something, and the police were anxious to take them. I never told them what I had done, but they knew it was something, and when they found out that I knew nothing about robbery and burglary, and couldn't cheat at gambling and the like, they set it down that it must be murder. But they cared nothing, and I went along with them."

"Your confession, my friend," said the German, stopping at this point, "of what followed—the horse-stealing adventure, your own escape, and the untimely end of your companions; your honesty in California, and its interruption; your career as a bonnet or confederate; and your experience of a Californian prison—is all interesting, but I cannot waste paper upon it. I return, therefore, to the material part of the confession. And with this I conclude."

"I desire to state that from the first night that I arrived in New York till now I have every night been visited by the ghost of the man I killed. My uncle stands beside the bed, whether it is in a bed in a crowded room, or on the ground in the open, or in a cabin at sea, or on the deck, whether I am drunk or sober, he always comes every night. His face is white, and the wound in his forehead is bleeding. 'Come back to England,' he says, 'and confess the crime.'

"I must go back, and give myself up to justice. I will make no more struggles against my fate. But because I am uncertain whether I shall live to get back, and because I know not how to escape from this island, I wish to have my confession written and signed, so that if I die the truth may be told."

Thus ended the paper.

"So," said the big German, "you acknowledge this to be your full and true confession?"

"I do."

"Sign it, then." He produced from his bag a pencil and gave it to the man, who signed, in a trembling hand, "David Leighan." Under the signature the German wrote, "Witnessed by me, Baron Sergius von Holsten."

This done, he replaced the note-book in his wallet.

"The reason why I wanted you to sign the paper to-night," he said, "is that there seems as if there might be a chance of your getting away from the island."

"How?"

"Look out to sea."

They were almost at the extreme south point of the island—the maps call it Cape St. George, but what the islanders call it has not yet been ascertained. In the west the shores of New Britain could be seen, because the sun was just sinking behind them; to the south and the east there was open sea.

"I can see nothing."

"Look through my glass, then."

"I can see a ship—a two-masted sailing ship."

"She is in quest of blackbirds. She will probably send a boat ashore. Fortunately for you, the people are all gone off to fight. You will, therefore, if she does send a boat here, have a chance of getting away. If she sails north, and sends a boat ashore fifty miles or so further up the coast, that boat's crew will be speared, and you will probably see portions of their arms and legs for some little time to come in the huts. Well, my friend"—for the man shuddered and trembled—"better their arms and legs than your own. Yet, see the strange decrees of fate. The men in the boat are very likely no worse than their neighbors. That is to say, they will have done nothing worse than the smaller sins freely forgiven by every tolerant person. They have drunk, fought, sworn, lied, and so forth. But they have not committed murder. Yet they will be speared; while you, thanks to my protection, have hitherto escaped, and may possibly get clean off the island. Yet consider what a sinner—what a sinner and a criminal—you have been. Now, my friend, the sun is about to set. In ten minutes it will be dark, and we have neither candles nor matches. Go to your bed and await the further commands of the Herr Ghost, your respectable uncle. On the eve of your departure, if you are to go to-morrow, he will probably be more peremptory and more terrifying than usual. Do not groan more loudly than you can help, because groans disturb neighbors. Such is the abominable selfishness of the repentant, that their remorse is as great a nuisance to their companions as their crime was an annoyance to their victims. Go to bed, David, and await the Herr Ghost."

CHAPTER II.

A JONAH COME ABOARD.

"THEN you think," said the mate, looking about him with doubt, "that we shall do no business here?"

He was a young fellow of two-and-twenty or so, a frank and honest-looking sailor, though his business was that of a cunning kidnapper. Perhaps he had not been long enough at it for the profession to get itself stamped upon his forehead. He was armed with a revolver, ready to hand, and a cutlass hanging at his side. Behind him were four sailors, also armed, in readiness for an attack, for Polynesians are treacherous; and in the boat, pulled as near the shore as the shallow water allowed, were two more men, oars out and in their hands, guns at their side, ready to shove off in a moment. But there were no islanders in sight, only these two Europeans—one a tall man of nearly seven feet, dressed in fantastic imitation of the natives; and the other, apparently, an ordinary beach-comber, quite out of luck, ragged, dejected, and haggard. A little way off the land lay the schooner. Her business was to enlist, kidnap, procure, or secure, by any means in the power of the captain and the crew, as many natives as the ship would hold, and to bring them to North Queensland, where they would be hired out to the planters, exactly as the redemptioners were hired out, in the last century, in Maryland and Virginia, to work out their term of service, and, also exactly like the redemptioners, to find that term indefinitely prolonged by reason of debt for tobacco, clothes, rum, and all kinds of things. They would be privileged to cultivate sugar, coffee, and other tropical productions, and to witness, a long way off, the choicest blessings of civilization; they would also be allowed to cheer their souls with the hope of some day returning to their native islands, where these blessings have not yet penetrated, and where they would have to live out the remainder of their days in savagery of that deplorable kind which enjoys perpetual sunshine and warmth, with plenty to eat, nothing to wear, and nothing to do. Warmth, food, and rest—for these as a bribe, what would not our people resign of their blessings? The clothes they wear? Well, it would be a good exchange indeed from their insufficient and ragged clothes in a cold climate to none at all in a place where none are wanted. To exchange the food they eat for the food of the South-sea Islander? Well—apart from roasted Brother—it would certainly seem, at first, a change for the better. To exchange work—hard, horrible, unceasing work—for rest? Who would not?—oh! who would not? Free institutions and socialist clubs for a country with no institutions at all? Why, why is there not an extensive emigration of the Indolent, the Unlucky, and the Out-of-Work for these Fortunate Islands?

"It is an unlucky voyage," said the mate, gazing earnestly at the two men before him, whose appearance and the contrast between them puzzled him. "Two months out and five weeks becalmed; no business done, and the skipper drunk all day long. Say, strangers, how did you come here?"

"For my part," said the German, "I am a naturalist. I make the coleoptera my special study. I have, I believe, enriched science with so many rare and previously unknown specimens, if I succeed in getting them to Europe, that my name will be certainly remembered in scientific history as one of those who have advanced knowledge. Can any man ask more?"

"Colly!—colly what?" asked the mate. "But never mind your Colly-what's-her-name. How the devil did you get such a rig, man?"

"I am a linguist," the Baron Sergius von Holsten went on to explain, "as well as a naturalist. I therefore learned the language before landing here, having found a native or two of New Ireland in the mission of the Duke of York Island. It is a great thing to know how to talk with these black children. I am also a surgeon and a physician, so that I can heal their wounds and their diseases when they get any. You see, further, that I am bigger than most men. I am also thorough. I adopted their dress, at least some of it"—he looked complacently at his toga of tapu cloth—"and therefore being able to talk to them, to impress them with my stature, and to cure them, I landed among them without fear. When they came round me with their spears I shouted to them that I was a great magician, come to their help straight down from the sun. And as I know a little prestidigitation and conjuring, and am a bit of a ventriloquist, I am from time to time able to work a few of the simpler miracles; so that they readily believe me."

"How long are you going to stay here?"

"I know not; New Ireland is rich in new species; but I shall have to stop as soon as my means of collection and description come to an end. When that day comes I shall be glad to see a ship. But it will not be yet."

"They may kill you."

"It is possible;" the Baron shrugged his tall shoulders. "They are like little children. It may occur to one of them some day to find out what I should do, and how I should look, if he were to drive his spear into my back. We all run our little dangers, and must not allow them to stop our work."

The mate looked doubtful.

"I am also an ethnologist, and I assure you, Lieutenant, that the study of these people is of profound interest."

"Have you no arms?"

"I have a revolver; but what is one revolver against the spears of a whole people? I have really no other weapon but my power of persuasion and my reputation for magic and sorcery. These will not fail me, unless, as I said before, one of them may be anxious to see how a god behaves and how he looks with a spear stuck through him."

"And how do you live?"

"The people bring me food every day. If they did not, I should afflict them with horrible misfortunes, as they very well know. I should tell them that in three days such a one would be dead, and then it would be that man's duty to go away and die in fulfilment of prophecy. I suppose his friends would never speak to him again if he refused to fulfil the words of the Prophet, so great is their faith. They bring me the unripe cocoa-nut for its milk; there are fish of every kind in the sea, which they net and spear for me; there are kangaroo and cassowary on the hills, which they snare and trap for me; there are birds, which they shoot for me; there are mangoes, bread-fruit, bananas, yams, sweet-potatoes, and taro. I assure you we feed very well. Don't we, David?" He laid his hand on the other man's shoulder. "We have also tobacco. There is, however—which you regret, David, don't you?—no rum on the island."

"Is your—your—chum also worshipped?" asked the mate, regarding David with an obvious decrease of interest.

"No; David is recognized as of inferior clay. This poor fellow was wrecked upon the island; he came ashore on a plank, the rest of the ship's crew and passengers having given indigestion to the sharks. He is not happy here, and he would like you to take him off the island."

"Yes," said David, eagerly, but still in his slow way, "anywhere, so that I can only get on my way to England."

"He was just getting off his plank, and the people were preparing to receive him joyfully, warmly, and hospitably, after their fashion; that is to say, into their pots—they have a beautiful method of cooking, in a kind of sunken pot, which would greatly interest you if you were a captive and expecting your turn—when I fortunately arrived, and succeeded, by promising an eclipse if I was disobeyed, in saving him. The eclipse came in good time; but I had forgiven the people for their momentary mutiny, and I averted its power for evil. So long as David sticks close to me now he is safe. If he leaves me, his end is certain. But he is no use to me, and for certain reasons I should very much prefer that he was gone. Will you take him?"

"The ship doesn't carry passengers," said the mate; "besides—"

"He is harmless, and you can trust him not to make mischief. I will pay for him if you like."

"What does he want to go home for?" asked the mate, doubtfully. Indeed, the appearance of the man did not warrant the belief that he would be welcomed by his friends.

"He has to pay a pilgrimage: he has to deliver a message before a magistrate, and to be subsequently elevated to a post of great distinction," said the Baron.

"Humph!" said the mate. "He looks as if he'd done something. Better keep in these latitudes, stranger, where no one asks and no one cares. But about his fare: who's to pay for his passage and his grub, if we take him?"

"You will return some time to Queensland. Take or send this note." He took his note-book, tore off half a leaf, and wrote a few words upon it. "Send this note to Messrs. Hengstenburg & Company, Sydney. Tell them where you got it, and they will give you £20 for it, and will thank you into the bargain for letting them know that, so far, the Baron Sergius von Holsten is safe. If there is any money left after paying for your passenger, give it to this poor devil. He is not such a bad devil, though he looks so miserable, unless he begins to confide in you. When he does that, lock him up in a cabin. Perhaps he has done something, as you say: what do we know? As for doing things," he said, regarding his humble companion with the utmost severity, "a man who is tempted to commit a crime ought always to remember that he will some day, in all probability, be wrecked on a desert island, an island of cannibals, in the company of one, and only one, other European, and that man greatly his superior; and he ought truly to resolve that under no temptations will he do anything which may make him a nuisance and a bore to that companion through the vehemence of his repentance." David Leighan groaned. "Man," added the Baron, sententiously, "does not live for himself alone; and he who rashly commits a crime may thereafter seriously interfere with the comfort of his brother man." David hung his head. "I forgive you, David. I have protected you from the natives' spears and their pots and carving-knives for six months, though it has cost me many foolish threats and vain curses. I have fed you and sheltered you. I have been rewarded by penitential groans and by outward tokens of fervent contrition. These have saddened my days, and have disturbed my slumbers. Groan henceforth into other ears. I forgive you, however, only on one condition, that you return no more. If you do, you shall be speared and potted without remorse. As for the document in my note-book—"

"I shall get to England before you," said David; "and when I get there, I shall go at once to Challacombe or Moreton, and make a statement just like the one you have in your note-book. By the time you come to England I shall be—"

"Exactly," said the Baron, smiling sweetly. "You will have been a public character. Well, to each man comes somehow his chance of greatness. I hope you may enjoy your reputation, David, though it may be short-lived."

The mate meantime was considering the note put into his hands. It was very short, and was a simple draft upon a merchant's house in Sydney—the shortest draft, I suppose, ever written, and on the smallest piece of paper.

"Messrs. Hengstenburg & Co., Sydney. Pay bearer £20. New Ireland. 1884. Baron Sergius von Holsten."

"I will take him," said the mate. "The captain is always drunk, so it is no use waiting to ask him. Most likely he will never know. I expect to be out another three or four months. He can come aboard with me. But, stranger," he said, persuasively, "can no business be done? Are they open to reason?" He looked round at the forest and the deserted huts. "Can we trade for a few natives, you and me, between us? Lord! if I could only see my way to persuade 'em to worship me, I'd—blessed if I wouldn't!—I would ship the whole island. There would be a fortune in it."

"They are open to no reason at all. In fact, if they were at this moment—nothing is more probable—to come down upon us unexpectedly, it would be a painful necessity for me—if I valued my reputation as a Prophet—to order them to attack and spear both you and your crew; otherwise I should be considered a false Prophet, and should pay the penalty in being myself speared, and put into these curious large sunken pots in which one lies so snug and warm. They are a blood-thirsty, ferocious race. In their cookery they are curious, as I have already informed you. They are wonderfully handy with their lances, and they move in large bodies. Those pop-guns of yours would knock over two or three, but would be of no avail to save your own lives. Therefore I would advise that you get into your boat and aboard your ship with as little delay as possible."

The Mate took his advice, and departed with his passenger.

"And now," said the Baron Sergius, "I am alone at last, and can enjoy myself without any of that fellow's groans. I never knew before how extremely disagreeable one single murder may make a man."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FAVORITE SAN FRANCISCO RESORT.

THE Cliff House, near San Francisco, is a picturesque and pleasant memory to every tourist who ever visited the Western metropolis. He probably saw it first at an early hour in the day, obtained an appetite for his excellent breakfast there while gazing, from the broad veranda overhanging the dashing breakers, outward over the limitless leagues of the blue Pacific, and brought away a jumbled memory of cliffs, surges, seals, atmosphere, and tenderloin steaks which it has always been a pleasure to recall.

The Cliff House was built thirty years ago on the southern side of Point Lobos, which forms the South Head, as it is called, at the outer entrance to the Golden Gate. The house was built on the rocks, which rise perpendicularly from the water. An excellent road was constructed from Lone Mountain, then the street-car terminus, to the Point, running along the backbone of the narrow peninsula on one side of which San Francisco stands.

For many years it was a popular resort for the owners of wheels, and its cuisine and its perpetual colony of seals, which inhabit three small rocks just in front of the house in the ocean, became equally famous. The transformation of many acres of sand-hills into what is now Golden Gate Park made a new road to "the Cliff," shorter than the old one, and largely augmented the number of its patrons. Then the capitalistic eye saw an opportunity, and Mr. ADOLPH SUTRO, the projector and builder of the Sutro Tunnel, purchased the Cliff House and all the hill property behind it, and established the Sutro Park, a popular Sunday and holiday resort, from which the view herein is taken. The Sutro Park covers the top of the hill, is laid out in tasteful walks shaded by trees and adorned with flowers, and has, on the ocean side, a wide promenade ornamented with statuary.

A cable road which was built from San Francisco to Golden Gate Park added a steam line from its terminus to the base of the Sutro hill some years ago. This brought the beach, the new park, and the rocks within easy reach of the populace, and they have now become a popular resort, affording rest and recreation on occasions to many tens of thousands.

The charm of the Cliff House is the view. The Pacific is a beautiful ocean in all its moods. Whether it lies placid and sparkling under a cloudless sky and a bright sun, or whether the clouds are leaden and black, and the great in-rolling surges strike the high out-lying rocks and cover them from summit to base with a mantle of foam, while the spray shoots like a geyser a hundred feet in the air, the ocean is grand and beautiful. The seals, which are objects of great interest to the tourists, are found in but few places along the coast, and have been at the Cliff House protected by law as curiosities. They are not the fur-bearing variety, and are consequently but little molested. They haunt the rocks shown in the picture in large numbers, and one of them, Ben Butler, a yellowish-brown monster of two thousand pounds weight, was for a long time invariably on watch at the top of the highest rock, guarding the colony, of which he was apparently the patriarch. A political cabal among the seal tribe deposed him, however, and he was said to have emigrated to the Farallones, some barren mountain-peaks in the ocean rising above the surface twenty-five miles from land.

MOUNT SHASTA.

MOUNT SHASTA, distant from San Francisco by route of travel 300 miles, and by air line some fifty less, is an isolated volcanic peak rising 14,440 feet above the sea, and 9000 above any contiguous land. It ascends—a huge blunt cone of rock and cinder—out of its encircling forests of pine, snow-clad and capped with ice. Its upper half is precipitous, forbidding, and bleak; its lower half sweeps earthward in easy and graceful lines, is tree-clad, verdurous, and warm. All growth, except the lichens, which are found upon the very top, ceases at a height between nine and ten thousand feet. Above this prevail only the grim masses of rock, gray, black, and reddish-brown, half covered with a mantle of snow, and crowned with a coronet of ice. Within only a few feet of the extensive summit—less than 200—lies a half-acre of hot springs, which unceasingly emit volumes of steam impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen and other like offensive gases. These springs have a temperature of 184°, and boil up with a hissing, gurgling, snorting, and snoring kind of sound, through a crust of earth and stones loosely cemented together with sulphur, alum, borax, and kindred unsavory stuffs, the whole being a sort of post-mortem spasm of defunct volcanic force. On the western slope of the mountain, and at a distance of 4000 feet below the summit, stands a secondary volcanic peak, known as the Crater Butte. This is evidently of much more recent origin than the main butte or peak. Its top is a truncated cone, imperfectly shown in the view, containing within it a concavity out of which sharply rises a still smaller tertiary crater or cinder cone some 800 feet in height, in giving birth to which the great volcano apparently lost its life. The dead infant lies unnursed, but well preserved, upon the maternal breast. This last-formed, interior cinder heap is moated by an emerald-hued ice lake, which stays frozen in July.

The mountain bears three small but well-defined glaciers. The largest of these, which is named the Agassiz, and the upper portion of which is represented in the view, is from two to four hundred yards in width, and two to three miles long. Toward its lower end it contains numerous ice caverns and crevasses, some of them truly Alpine in beauty and dimensions, as well as in treacherousness and peril.

The point called the Thumb is located on the eastern slope of the mountain, 1500 feet below the summit. A small glacier named the McCloud forms in the groin between the Thumb and the main mountain, and sends a milky-colored stream off eastward into the valley. In this valley, east of Mount Shasta, lies the beautiful McCloud River, fed by ice-water from the mountain.

The melting snows sink instantly into the porous lava underneath them. They have, in the process of the ages, worn themselves various underground channels, which are cut by the cañon of the river, twenty miles away, and give out great gushing and rushing fountains of the purest filtered ice-cold water. In any quiet pool of the river the pebbly bottom can easily be seen at a depth of twenty feet.

At the right of the Thumb appears one of those wasting forest fires set by careless hunters, and which in the long dry summer-time often burn for weeks, destroying whole leagues of valuable forest, and filling the air with impenetrable smoke. During the fiery season the mountain is often shut out from vision for days together. In the extreme left of the picture is discernible the Modoc country, made famous a few years since by Captain JACK and his blood-thirsty braves, and still farther away rise the mountain ranges of southeastern Oregon.

Upon the final summit of the mountain stands a nondescript structure known as the Monument, erected some years since by the government, at quite large expense, for some anticipated purpose connected with surveying. For any such use, however, it has proved an entire failure. It is monumental only of scientific unwisdon, and serves no particular purpose except as lighting-place for an occasional buzzard-hawk, and somewhat for college students and other aspiring youth to inscribe their names and the hieroglyphic initials of their college society upon. The snow plateau on which appear the three figures in the view designated "The Summit of Mount Shasta" lies about 400 feet below the extreme summit, and is a semi-level bench a quarter of a mile or so in width and a mile in length.

Castle Lake is a lovely crystal snow-fed body of filtered water, clear and deep, three-quarters of a mile wide and a mile and a half in length, lying between glacial ridges and dammed by a terminal glacier dump. There are scores of such scattered throughout the Sierra region. This lake lies in the Castle Rock range, twenty miles in an air line from the summit of Mount Shasta, at an elevation of 5000 feet above the sea and 1500 above the upper Sacramento Valley, which lies between it and the great mountain. Only an inconsiderable portion of the mountain's real bulk appears in the view.

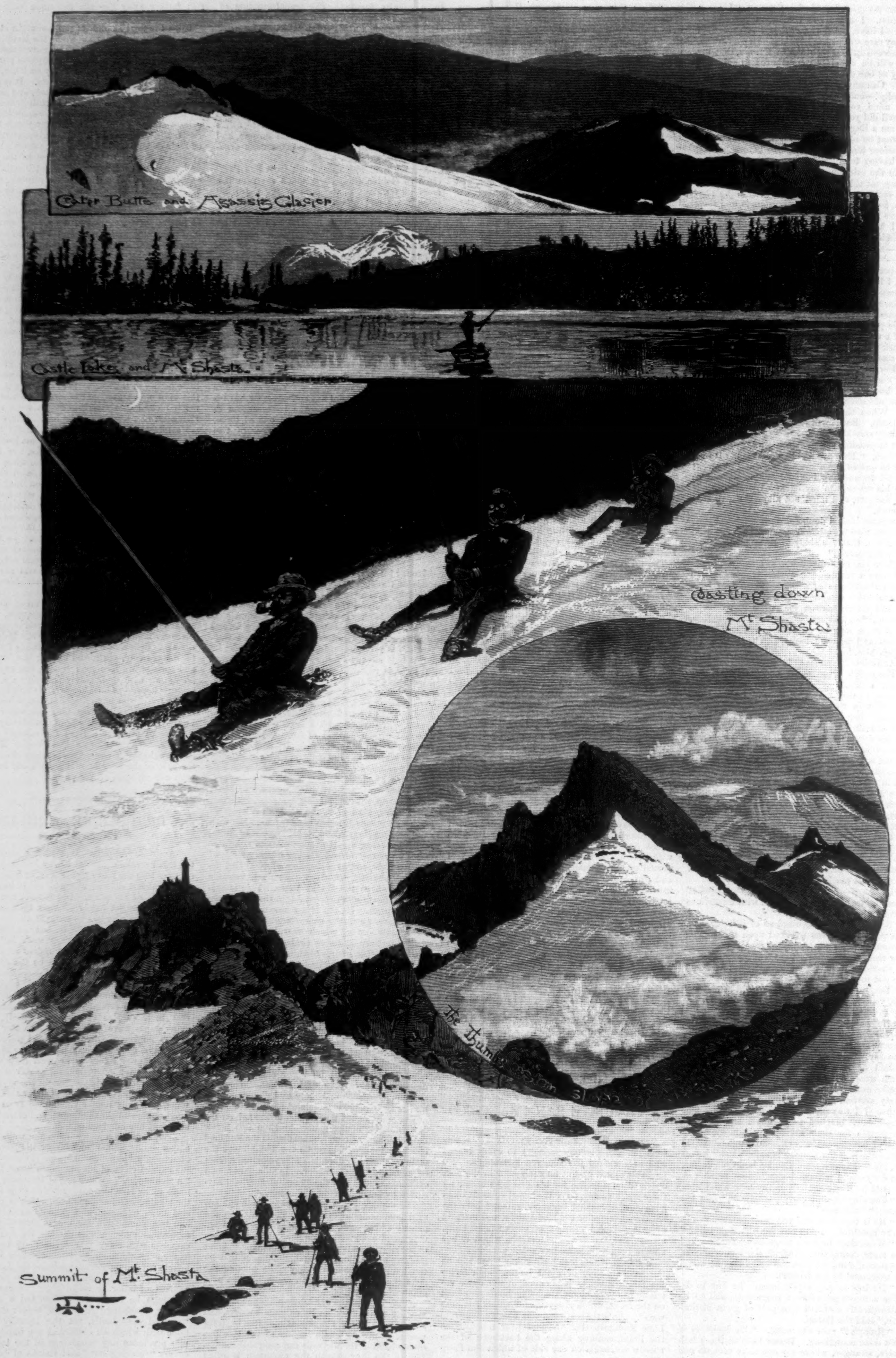
The view entitled "Coasting down Mount Shasta" is taken at a point close below the Thurmb. The rock is a dense, coarse pudding-stone. A little earlier in the season than the time at which this view was taken, and before the snow is so much melted into cradle-knolls, a most exhilarating bit of coasting can be had. The coaster seats himself upon a gunny-sack firmly lashed to the place where it will do the most good, and using his Shasta-stock for a brake, can sweep away down the long incline like the wind. The writer has in company with others made the distance of two miles in ten minutes on this incline, including stops. The gunny-sack, with much of the contiguous raiment, is usually left near the beginning of the slide, with consequences which may be imagined. The ascent of the mountain is not dangerous or difficult, except as taxing to their utmost the powers of endurance and the soundness and capability of heart and lungs.

Around the base of Mount Shasta are ideal summering places. Upon the higher plateaus, at a height of five, six, and seven thousand feet, are enchanting camping grounds. Trout abound, deer are numerous, bears are frequent, rattle-snakes still more so, but of fleas and mosquitoes there are none. The days are warm, nights cool; the air is delicious, stimulating, healing; the water always cold, clear, and sweet; the fountains and springs are fern-girt; cedars, firs, and pines fill the air with their balmy fragrance: it is the summer home—as no other part of California is—of the robin, the humming-bird, the thrush, and the most human of all wood-birds, the water-ousel. The region has hitherto been sufficiently inaccessible to preserve it from the ravages of the profane. The California and Oregon Railway has now, however, constructed its line close along the base of the very mountain itself, and Ichabod been written upon all the place.

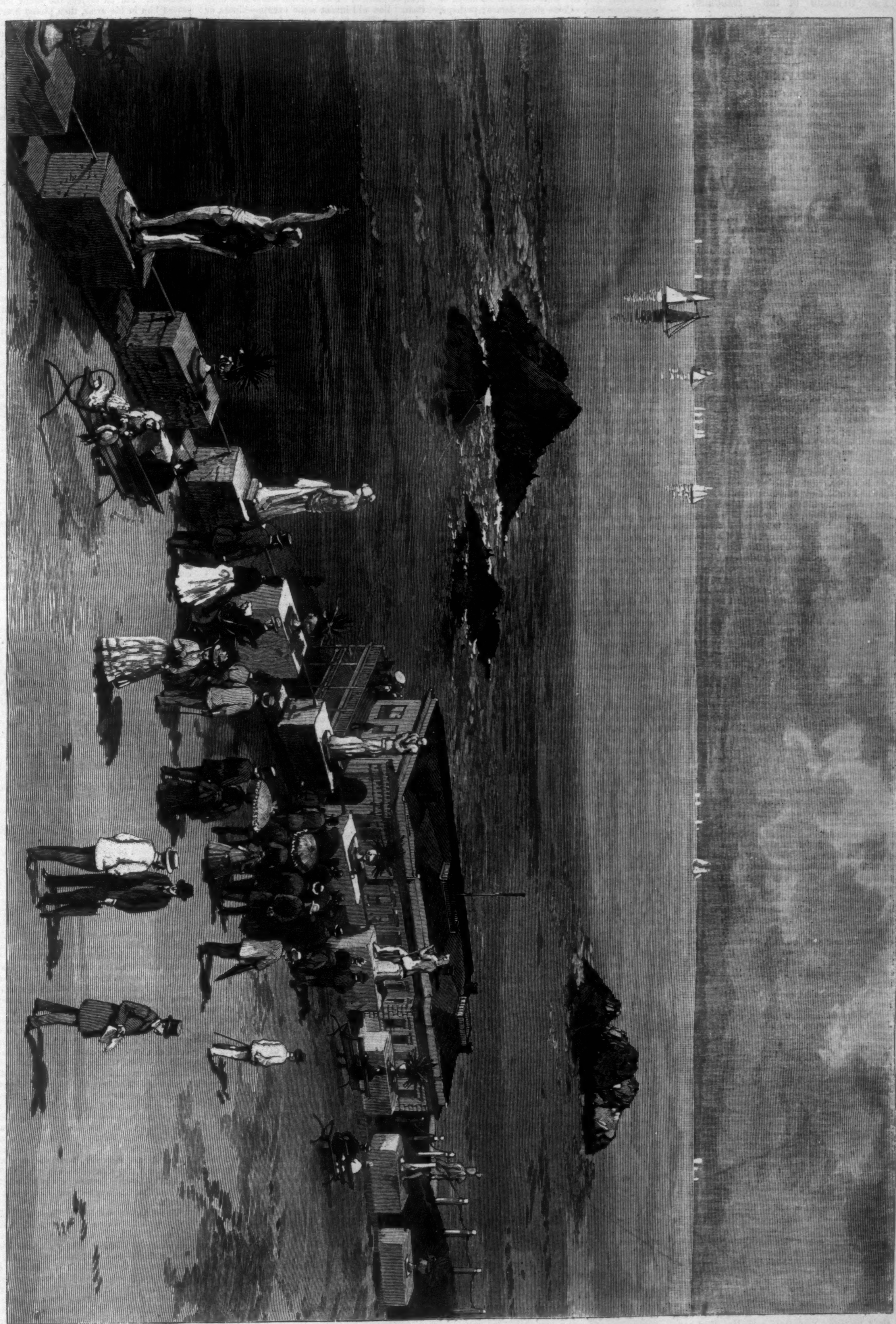
A RICH STRIKE—A MILLION IN SIGHT.

"A MILLION in sight" is a phrase peculiar to the mining districts of the Rocky Mountains, and signifies that the lucky owner sees, or imagines he sees, a million dollars' worth of ore in the obdurate walls of his mine. But it does not follow that he is one jot better off than his less fortunate neighbor who has no mine at all, for the cogent reason that, as a rule, he has not the necessary capital with which to "work it." In a mining camp of two or three hundred inhabitants two-thirds of that number will be the fortunate possessors of similar "bonanzas"—millionaires in expectancy, so to speak. Their only hope of untying their fortunes lies in their ability to sell their claims to capitalists who are willing to invest their surplus in mining property, but as many dupes have fallen victims to the unscrupulous mining shark, the coveted purchaser is scarce and extremely cautious. Year after year sanguine prospectors "stay with their claims," expecting that each succeeding day will bring them the welcome buyer, but in the majority of cases he never comes, while others, as their hopes wane, gradually reduce their price from the original million to the thousands, and often are fain to accept five hundred or less.

Everybody in a camp from the tramp to the mayor mines, either directly or indirectly, each expecting, in the course of his peregrinations over the rugged cliffs of his mountain home, to make "a rich strike." When one is fortunate enough to do so, he hies him straightway to the office of the leading hotel of the camp, which is the general news exchange, and proudly exhibits some fine specimens from his recent discovery to the assembled citizens, who discuss its merits and demerits with refreshing candor. If the lucky finder is an old-timer, he will sedulously refuse to inform his inquisitive companions the locality of his "lead" until he has performed the necessary amount of labor to make his "location" good. Although he may have staked out a score of equally promising "properties" before that have "panned out" badly, yet the inextinguishable hope with which all old-timers are blessed happily precludes any misgivings of the latest discovery "petering out," and visions of becoming a "bonanza king" glide sweetly into his lively fancy.


Crater Butte and Agassiz Glacier
Castle Lake and Mt. Shasta
Coasting down Mt. Shasta
The Thumb, Eastern Slope of Shasta
Summit of Mt. Shasta

MOUNT SHASTA, CALIFORNIA.—Drawn by Harry Fenn from Photographs.—[See Page 311.]



THE CLIFF HOUSE AND SUTRO PARK, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 311.]

The Crusade of the "Excelsior."[*]

By BRET HARTE.

PART II.

CHAPTER VI.

The Commander was the first to recover his presence of mind. Taking the despatch from the hands of the unlooked-for husband of the woman he loved, he opened it with an immovable face and habitual precision. Then, turning with a military salute to the strangers, he bade them join him in half an hour at the Presidio; and bowing gravely to the assembled company, stepped from the corridor. But Mrs. Markham was before him, stopped him with a gesture, and turned to her husband.

"James Markham—where's your hand?"

Markham, embarrassed, but subjugated, disengaged it timidly from his wife's waist.

"Give it to that gentleman, for a gentleman he is, from the crown of his head to the soles of his boots! There! Shake it. You don't get such a chance every day. That will do for the present." As the two men's hands parted, after this perfunctory grasp, and the Commander passed on, she turned again to her husband. "Now, James, I am ready to hear all about it. Perhaps you'll tell me where you *have* been?"

There was a moment of embarrassing silence. The doctor and secretary had discreetly withdrawn; the Alcalde, after a brief introduction to Mr. Brimmer, and an incomprehensible glance from the wife, had retired with a colorless face. Doña Isabel had lingered last to blow a kiss across her fan to Eleanor Keene that half mischievously included her brother. The Americans were alone.

Thus appealed to, Mr. Markham hastily began his story. But as he progressed, a slight incoherency was noticeable; he occasionally contradicted himself, and was obliged to be sustained, supplemented, and at times corrected, by Keene and Brimmer. Substantially, it appeared that they had come from San Francisco to Mazatlan, and through the influence of Mr. Brimmer on the Mexican authorities, their party, with an escort of dragoons, had been transported across the gulf and landed on the opposite shore, where they had made a forced march across the desert to Todos Santos. Literally interpreted, however, by the nervous Markham, it would seem that they had conceived this expedition long ago, and yet had difficulties because they only thought of it the day before the steamer sailed; that they had embarked for the Isthmus of Nicaragua, and yet had stopped at Mazatlan; that their information was complete in San Francisco, and only picked up at Mazatlan; that "friends"—sometimes contradictorily known as "he" and "she"—had overpowering influence with the Mexican government, and alone had helped them, and yet that they were utterly dependent upon the efforts of Señor Perkins, who had compromised matters with the Mexican government and everybody.

"Do you mean to say, James Markham, that you've seen Perkins, and it was he who told you we were here?"

"No, not *him* exactly."

"Let me explain," said Mr. Brimmer, hastily. "It appears," he corrected his haste with practical business-like precision, "that the filibuster Perkins, after debarking you here, and taking the *Excelsior* to Quinquinambo, actually established the Quinquinambo government, and got Mexico and the other confederacies to recognize its independence. Quinquinambo behaved very handsomely, and not only allowed the Mexican government indemnity for breaking the neutrality of Todos Santos by the seizure, but even compromised with our own government their claim to confiscate the *Excelsior* for treaty violation and paid half the value of the vessel, besides giving information to Mexico and Washington of your whereabouts. We consequently represent a joint commission from both countries to settle the matter and arrange for your return."

"But what I want to know is this: Is it to Señor Perkins that we ought to be thankful for seeing you here at all?" asked Mrs. Markham, impatiently.

"No, no—not that, exactly," stammered Markham. "Oh, come now, Susannah—"

"No," said Richard Keene, earnestly; "by Jove! some thanks ought to go to Belle Montgomery—" He checked himself in sudden consternation.

There was a chilly silence. Even Miss Keene looked anxiously at her brother, as the voice of Mrs. Brimmer for the first time broke the silence:

"May we be permitted to know who is this person to whom we owe so great an obligation?"

"Certainly," said Brimmer. "She was—as I have already intimated—a friend; possibly, you know," he added, turning lightly to his companions as if to corroborate an impression that had just struck him, "perhaps, a—a—a sweetheart of the Señor Perkins."

"And how was she so interested in us, pray?" said Mrs. Markham.

"Well, you see, she had an idea that a former husband was on board of the *Excelsior!*" He stopped suddenly, remembering from the astonished faces of Keene and Markham that the secret was not known to them, while they, impressed with the belief that the story was a sudden invention of Brimmer's, with difficulty preserved their composure. But the women were quick to notice their confusion, and promptly disbelieved Brimmer's explanation.

"Well, as there's no Mister Montgomery here, she's probably mistaken," said Mrs. Markham, with decision, "though it strikes *me* that she's very likely had the same delusion on board of some other ship. Come along, James; perhaps, after you've had a bath and some clean clothes, you may come out a little more like the man I once knew. I don't know how Mrs. Brimmer feels, but I feel more as if I required to be introduced to you—than your friend's friend, Mrs. Montgomery! At any rate, try and look and behave a little more decent when you go over to the Presidio."

With these words she dragged him away. Mr. Brimmer, after a futile attempt to appear at his ease, promptly effected the usual marital diversion of carrying the war into the enemy's camp. "For Heaven's sake, Barbara," he said, with ostentatious indignation, "go and dress yourself properly. Had you neither money nor credit to purchase clothes? I declare I didn't know you at first; and when I did, I was shocked; before Mrs. Markham too!"

"Mrs. Markham, I fear, has quite enough to occupy her now," said Mrs. Brimmer, shortly, as she turned away with hysterically moist eyes, leaving her husband to follow her.

Oblivious of this comedy, Richard Keene and Eleanor had already wandered back, hand in hand, to their days of childhood. But even in the joy that filled the young girl's heart in the presence of her only kinsman there was a strange reservation. The meeting that she had looked forward to with eager longing had brought all she expected; more than that, it seemed to have been providentially anticipated at the moment of her greatest need; and yet it was incomplete. She was ashamed that, after the first recognition, a wild desire to run to Hurlstone and tell *him* her happiness was her only thought. She was shocked that the bright, joyous face of this handsome, lovable boy could not shut out the melancholy, austere features of Hurlstone, which seemed to rise reproachfully between them. When, for the third and fourth time, they had recounted their past history, exchanged their confidences and feelings, Dick, passing his arm around his sister's waist, looked down smilingly in her eyes.

"And so, after all, little Nell, everybody has been good to you, and you have been happy!"

"Everybody has been kind to me, Dick; far kinder than I deserved. Even if I had really been the great lady that little Doña Isabel thought I was, or the important person the Commander believed me to be, I couldn't have been treated more kindly. I have met with nothing but respect and attention. I have been very happy, Dick; very happy." And with a little cry she threw herself on her brother's neck and burst into a childlike flood of inconsistent tears.

Meantime the news of the arrival of the relief party had penetrated even the peaceful cloisters of the Mission, and Father Esteban had been summoned in haste to the Council. He returned with an eager face to Hurlstone, who had been anxiously awaiting him. When the Padre had imparted the full particulars of the event to his companion, he added, gravely, "You see, my son, how Providence, which has protected you since you first claimed the Church's sanctuary, has again interfered to spare me the sacrifice of using the power of the Church in purely mundane passions. I meekly accept the rebuke of His better-ordained ways, and you, Diego, may comfort yourself that this girl is restored directly to her brother's care, without any deviousness of plan or human responsibility. You do not speak, my son," continued the priest, anxiously. "Can it be possible that, in the face of this gracious approval of Providence to your resolution, you are regretting it?"

The young man replied, with a half-reproachful gesture, "Do you, then, think me still so weak? No, Father Esteban; I have steeled myself against my selfishness for her sake. I could have resigned her to the escape you had planned, believing her happier for it, and ignorant of the real condition of the man she had learnt to—to—pity. But," he added, turning suddenly and almost rudely upon the priest, "do you know the meaning of this irruption of the outer world to *me?* Do you reflect that these men probably know my miserable story?—that, as one of the passengers of the *Excelsior*, they will be obliged to seek me and to restore me," he added, with a bitter laugh, "to *my* home, *my* kindred—to the world I loathe?"

"But you need not follow them. Remain here."

"Here! with the door thrown open to my talebearer and to her? Never! Hear me, Father," he went on, hurriedly. "These men have come from San Francisco—have been to Mazatlan. Can you believe that it is possible that they have never heard of this woman's search for me? No! The quest of hate is as strong as the quest of love, and more merciless to the hunted."

"But if that were so, foolish boy, she would have accompanied them."

"You are wrong. It would have been enough for her to have sent my exposure by them—to have driven me from this refuge."

"This is but futile fancy, Diego," said Father Esteban, with a simulated assurance he was far from feeling. "Nothing has yet been said; nothing may be said. Wait, my child."

"Wait!" he echoed, bitterly. "Ay, wait until the poor girl shall hear—perhaps from her brother's lips—the story of my marriage as bandied about by others; wait for her to know that the man who would have made her love him was another's, and unworthy of her respect? No! it is *I* who must leave this place, and at once."

"*You?*" echoed the Padre. "How?"

"By the same means you would have used for her departure. I must take her place in that ship you are expecting. You will give *me* letters to your friends. Perhaps, when this is over, I may return, if I still live."

Padre Esteban became thoughtful.

"You will not refuse me?" said the young man, taking the Padre's hand. "It is for the best, believe me. I will remain secret here until then. You will invent some excuse—illness, or what you like—to keep them from penetrating here. Above all, to spare me from the misery of ever reading my secret in her face."

Father Esteban remained still absorbed in thought. "You will take a letter from me to the Archbishop, and put yourself under his care?" he asked at last, after a long pause. "You will promise me that?"

"I do."

"Then we shall see what can be done. They talk, those Americanos," continued the priest, "of making their way up the coast to Punta St. Jago, where the ship they have already sent for to take them away can approach the shore, and the Comandante has orders to furnish them escort and transport to that point. It is a foolish indiscretion of the government, and, I warrant, without the sanction of the Church. Already there is curiosity, discontent, and wild talk among the people. Ah! thou sayest truly, my son," said the old man, gloomily, "the doors of Todos Santos are open. The Comandante will speed these heretics quickly on their way, but the doors by which they came and whence they go will never close again. But God's will be done! And if the open doors bring thee back, my son, I shall not question His will."

It would seem, however, as if Hurlstone's fears had been groundless. For in the excitement of the succeeding days, and the mingling of the party from San Antonio with the new-comers, the recluse had been forgotten. So habitual had been his isolation from the others that, except for the words of praise and gratitude hesitatingly dropped by Miss Keene to her brother, his name was not mentioned, and it might have been possible for the relieving party to have left him behind, unnoticed. Mr. Brimmer, for domestic reasons, was quite willing to allow the episode of Miss Montgomery's connection with their expedition to drop for the present. Her name was only recalled once by Miss Keene. When Dick had professed a sudden and violent admiration for the coquettish Doña Isabel, Eleanor had looked up in her brother's face with a half-troubled air. "Who was this queer Montgomery woman, Dick?" she said.

Dick laughed—a frank, reassuring, heart-free laugh. "Perfectly stunning, Nell. Such a figure in tights! You ought to have seen her dance—my!"

"Hush! I dare say she was horrid!"

"Not at all. She wasn't such a bad fellow if you left out her poetry and gush, which I didn't go in for much, though the other fellows—" He stopped from a sudden sense of loyalty to Brimmer and Markham. "No; you see, Nell, she was regularly ridiculously struck after that man Perkins, whom she'd never seen; a kind of school-girl worship for a pirate. You know how you women go in for those fellows with a mystery about 'em."

"No, I don't," said Miss Keene, sharply, with a slight rise in color; "and I don't see what that's got to do with you and her."

"Everything. She is in correspondence with him, and knows about the *Excelsior* affair, and wants to help him get out of it with clean hands, don't you see. That's why she made up to us. There, Nell; she ain't your style, of course; but you owe a heap to her for giving us points as to where you were. But that's all over now; she left us at Mazatlan and went on to Nicaragua to meet Perkins somewhere there, for the fellow has always got some Central American revolution on hand, it appears. Until they garrote or shoot him some day, he'll go on in the liberating business forever."

"Then there wasn't any Mr. Montgomery, of course?" said Eleanor.

"Oh, Mr. Montgomery," said Dick, hesitating. "Well, you see, Nell, I think that, knowing how correct and all that sort of thing Brimmer is, she sort of invented the husband to make her interest look more proper."

"It's shameful!" said Miss Keene, indignantly.

"Come, Nell; one would think you had personal dislike to her. Let her go; she won't trouble you—nor, I reckon, *anybody* much longer."

"What do you mean, Dick?"

"I mean she has regularly exhausted and burnt herself out with her hysterics and excitements, and the drugs she's taken to subdue them—to say nothing of the Panama fever she got last spring. If she don't go regularly crazy at last she'll have another attack of fever, hanging round the isthmus waiting for Perkins."

Meanwhile, undisturbed by excitement or intrusion of the outer world, the days had passed quietly at the Mission. But one evening, at twilight, a swift-footed, lightly clad Indian glided into the sacristy as if he had slipped from the outlying fog, and almost immediately as quietly glided away again and disappeared. The next moment Father Esteban's gaunt and agitated face appeared at Hurlstone's door.

"My son, God has been merciful and cut short your probation. The signal of the ship has just been made. Her boat will be waiting on the beach two leagues from here an hour hence. Are you ready? and are you still resolved?"

"I am," said Hurlstone, rising. "I have been prepared since you first assented."

The old man's lips quivered slightly, and the great brown hand laid upon the table trembled for an instant. With a strong effort he recovered himself, and said, hurriedly, "Concho's mule is saddled and ready for you at the foot of the garden. You will follow the beach a league beyond the Indians' Cross. In the boat will await you the trusty messenger of the Church. You will say to him, 'Guadalajara,' and give him these letters. One is to the captain. You will require no other introduction." He laid the papers on the table, and turning to Hurlstone, lifted his tremulous hands in the air. "And now, my son, may the grace of God—" He faltered and stopped, his uplifted arms falling helplessly on Hurlstone's shoulders. For an instant the young man supported him in his arms, then placed him gently in the chair he had just quitted, and for the first time in their intimacy dropped upon his knee before him. The old man, with a faint smile, placed his hand upon his companion's head. A breathless pause followed; Father Esteban's lips moved silently. Suddenly the young man rose, pressed his lips hurriedly to the Father's hand, and passed out into the night.

The moon was already suffusing the dropping veil of fog above him with that nebulous, mysterious radiance he had noticed the first night he had approached the Mission. When he reached the cross he dismounted, and gathering a few of the sweet-scented blossoms that crept around its base, placed them in his breast. Then, remounting, he continued his way until he came to the spot designated by Concho as a fitting place to leave his tethered mule. This done, he proceeded on foot about a mile further along the hard, wet sand, his eyes fixed on the narrow strip of water and shore before him that was yet uninvaded by the fog on either side.

The misty, nebulous light, the strange silence, broken only by the occasional low hurried whisper of some spent wave that sent its film of spume across his path, or filled his foot-prints behind him, possessed him with vague presentiments and imaginings. At times he fancied he heard voices at his side; at times indistinct figures loomed through the mist before him. At last what seemed to be his own shadow faintly impinged upon the mist at one side impressed him so strongly that he stopped; the apparition stopped too. Continuing a few hundred paces further, he stopped again; but this time the ghostly figure passed on and convinced him that it was no shadow, but some one actually following him. With an angry challenge he advanced toward it. It quickly retreated inland, and was lost. Irritated and suspicious, he turned back toward the water, and was amazed to see before him, not twenty yards away, the object of his quest—a boat, with two men in it, kept in position by the occasional lazy dip of an oar. In the pursuit of his mysterious shadow he had evidently overlooked it. As his own figure emerged from the fog, the boat pulled toward him. The priest's password was upon his lips, when he perceived that the *two* men were common foreign sailors; the messenger of the Church was evidently not there. Could it have been he who had haunted him? He paused irresolutely. "Is there none other coming?" he asked. The two men looked at each other. One said, "Quien sabe!" and shrugged his shoulders. Hurlstone, without further hesitation, leaped aboard.

The same dull wall of vapor, at times thickening to an almost impenetrable barrier, and again half suffocating him in its soft embrace, which he had breasted on the night he swam ashore, carried back his thoughts to that time, now so remote and unreal. And when, after a few moments' silent rowing, the boat approached a black hulk that seemed to have started forward out of the gloom to meet them, his vague recollection began to take a more definite form. As he climbed up the companion-ladder and boarded the vessel, an inexplicable memory came over him. A petty officer on the gangway advanced silently and ushered him, half dazed and bewildered, into the cabin. He glanced hurriedly around; the door of a state-room opened, and disclosed the indomitable and affable Señor Perkins. A slight expression of surprise, however, crossed the features of the Liberator of Quinquinambo as he advanced with outstretched hand.

"This is really a surprise, my dear fellow. I had no idea that *you* were in this affair. But I am delighted to welcome you once more to the *Excelsior!*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1568.

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THE CHILDREN'S PARK, SAN FRANCISCO.

The project of establishing a children's playground in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, was suggested by FREDERICK LAW OLMSTEAD. When ex-Senator WILLIAM SHARON died it was found that he had left a bequest of $50,000 to the Park, with instructions to his executors to select a suitable memorial. The executors conferred with the Park Commissioners, and it was decided to erect a handsome gateway to the main entrance of the Park. When the new board of Park Commissioners came into office, however, they had some doubts of the suitability of the memorial gate, and Park Commissioner HAMMOND invited Mr. FREDERICK LAW OLMSTEAD to come out to San Francisco and make a report on the subject. Mr. OLMSTEAD opposed the gate because of the unfinished character of that part of the Park and its surroundings, and he recommended the Children's Play-ground. It was decided to erect a stone building in the midst of ample grounds, and designs were solicited. The award was made to PERCY & HAMILTON, architects, of San Francisco, and their plan, with some slight modifications, will be followed. The cost will be about $39,000, the remainder of the bequest being spent on the grounds.

The building will be in the modern Romanesque, with large square tower surmounted by a pyramidal roof. It will face the north, and the main entrance will be through a massive stone arch, with clustered columns supporting it. Within will be a square vestibule with groined ceiling. On the right will be a stone drinking fountain, above which will be placed a memorial slab. To the left will be the entrance to the main assembly-room, forty by fifty feet, with twenty-five-foot ceiling. This room will be lighted by four large windows on the south and three on the east side, while a skylight in the south roof will flood the north wall with sunshine. At the west end will be a lunch counter, where milk and simple food will be served at cost. The attendant at the lunch counter will be able to see every one who enters the building, and back of the counter will be the apartments of the attendant, which communicate with the attic rooms and the tower. To the south of the attendant's rooms will be the ladies' room and lavatory, and on the north side a big room, of 900 square feet, for the storage of girls' playthings. In the basement, on the south side, will be a boys' play-room with lavatory and closets. In the basement will also be a water-heating apparatus, a fuel room, and storage rooms.

The building will be constructed of California sandstone, with the foundation walls and basement of Portland cement concrete. The walls of the assembly-room and the wainscot in all other rooms will be of patent cement-colored brick. Of this material also will be the casings of doors and windows. This brick is said to be non-absorbent, and to soon become as hard as granite. The walls will be kept perfectly dry—a very important question in this climate—by an air space within four inches of the interior walls. There will be considerable decorative work in the interior in Caen stone and pressed brick. The walls of all the rooms except the main assembly-room will be of hollow tile, plastered with rough sand, finished and tinted. In the basement the walls will be covered with Portland cement on the concrete. The floors throughout the building will be of hard-wood, that of the main room being laid in fancy patterns. All the finish in the interior will be in native woods, the doors and window-sashes being of quartered oak.

A small hill at the end of the grounds will be the site of the building. The grounds lie near the Haight Street entrance to the Park, in a little valley about 1300 feet long by 800 feet wide. On the grounds will be swings, grass-plots for exercise, lawn-tennis, croquet, and base-ball grounds, foot-racing tracks, picnic grounds, and a special play-ground for the very little folks who have just begun to use their legs. The grounds will be protected from the west wind by high lattice-fences, and the entrances will be removed from any of the main drives. As the Sharon bequest was only for $50,000, and it was estimated that $4000 additional would be needed to carry out the plans, the Market Street Cable Railway Company (which is owned by Stanford, Huntington, Crocker, and other Southern Pacific directors) contributed this amount.

As children can play in the open air the year round in San Francisco, this play-ground ought to become very popular.

GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT.

On the 17th of April President Cleveland appointed Brevet Major-General Wesley Merritt, Colonel of the Fifth Cavalry, to be a Brigadier-General in the army, to fill the vacancy created by the retirement of General O. B. Willcox from the active list.

The career of General Merritt has been remarkable even among the many noteworthy military careers to which the civil war gave rise. Born in New York State on the 16th of June, 1836, he was appointed to the Military Academy at West Point from Illinois, and was graduated in the summer of 1860, entering the Second Dragoons as a brevet Second Lieutenant. The war which broke out the following spring made his promotion rapid. By the 13th of May he was a First Lieutenant in the Second Cavalry, and a Captain the April following. During the first years of the war the service of the young officer was chiefly on the staff of cavalry commanders, and in April, 1863, he took part in Stoneman's raid to Richmond. From that time forward his advance was rapid. He was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, to rank from June 29, 1863, and received a brevet of Major in the regular army for gallant and meritorious services at Gettysburg, to date from the first day's battle.

In Grant's Virginia campaigns of the following year, when General Sheridan had command of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, he found new opportunities for distinction. He won a brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel for his services in the battle of Yellow Tavern, and a brevet of Brigadier-General for the battle of Hawe's Shop, both in the month of May. When General Sheridan took charge of the operations in the Shenandoah Valley, General Merritt, as commander of the First Division of Cavalry, performed conspicuous service in the many skirmishes as well as in the pitched battles of that campaign. He received the brevet of Major-General of Volunteers for gallant and meritorious services at Winchester and Fisher's Hill. His services were also conspicuous at Cedar Creek and in the various subsequent operations. In the spring of 1865 General Sheridan moved up the valley with his corps of cavalry, about ten thousand strong, and the immediate command of this force was given to General Merritt, as Chief of Cavalry. After sweeping away a small body of the enemy at Waynesborough, it destroyed canals and railroads, and then moved to join General Grant before Petersburg.

In the final campaign, which ended in the surrender at Appomattox, General Merritt took a prominent part, and received the brevets of Brigadier-General in the regular army for his services at Five Forks, and of Major-General for the campaign as a whole. Thus it will be observed that General Merritt has received no fewer than five brevets for specific battles, and a sixth for a specified campaign, while his commission as Major-General of Volunteers, dated April 1, 1865, was expressed to be "for gallant services."

At the close of the war he became Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninth Cavalry, July 28, 1866, and about ten years after was made Colonel of the Fifth. As is generally known, however, he is now and has been for some years Superintendent and Commandant of the Military Academy at West Point, which has prospered under his management.

WHERE NEW YORK LANDS ITS FISH.

The great maw of the metropolis is insatiable. It is ever hungry, and cries for bread, beef, fish. In the illustration is given one of New York's feeders, the slip on the East River at the foot of Fulton Street, just back of the wholesale fish market. It is here that the smacks and fishing vessels find their berths, and the fish they bring are at once disposed of in the market. For convenience' sake, so that certain fish, such as cod, can be always had fresh, and even alive, each dealer in the market has his quota of floating boxes in which fish can be kept. At certain seasons of the year the fish captured are placed in what are called "wells" in the smacks themselves. The "wells" are built into the smacks, and the sea-water has free entrance into these wells. As the fisherman catches a cod, if the fish is not hurt by the hook, he tosses it into the well, and the cod thus imprisoned can be brought in good condition to New York alive. This is, however, only possible in cool weather, for though sea currents are cold, the slip in New York contains a warmer water, and fish die. The presence of small floating ice in the water also kills the cod. At such times, during the summer, when cod could not be kept alive in the boxes, turtle take their places. Steamers coming with green turtle from the Florida coast and the West Indies often will bring more turtle than the market can use, and the surplus is put away in these boxes.

In the slip may be seen the trimmest craft to be found in any fishing service. A good smack must not only have solidity, but must be fast. She must be able to withstand the heaviest gales, and, when loaded, to be quick in reaching a market. As she carries perishable goods, the sooner she gets rid of her cargo the better it is for her. Sometimes a few hours' difference as to time may increase the profits of the boat twenty-five per cent. sometimes fifty per cent. Fishing-smacks never stay long in port. To unload takes but a short time, and the catch being placed in the hands of the fish dealers, away she goes to set her trawls or hand-lines again. It is not New York alone which consumes the fish brought to this dock. Cod, haddock, herring, blue-fish, flounders, sheep's-head, every variety of fish, are sent from here to the neighboring States. The products of the sea are exchanged for those caught in fresh-waters.

The railroads bring their quota of fish from all parts of the United States to the great centre of demand, which is New York, and there may be seen at times, side by side on the same stall, the salmon of both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts; and though between the Columbia River and the Penobscot there may be many thousands of miles, if the life history of the *Salmo salar* and *S. quinnat* were known, both fish might have been caught on the same day, without any disparagement as to their freshness. When the market is a brisk one, this dock presents a very lively aspect. The fish are put in baskets and carried rapidly into the market. All is bustle and confusion. The fishermen who the day before have been setting their trawls off Sandy Hook, and have been doing their best to arrive in good time at New York, have now no cessation of labor. The quicker they discharge, the better. Decks usually kept clean become dirty and slimy. But now the last of the fish are disposed of, and it is work again to tidy up things. The stores are all ready for another trip, and now the smack gets out of the ruck, slips into the stream, and sails away through the Narrows or up the Sound, intent on catching another load of fish, or "fare," as it is called. And so in unending series fish are being landed at this same dock in New York, and hungry humanity still craves for more and more.

ALEXANDER MITCHELL.

Alexander Mitchell, the President of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad, and the representative of large financial interests in the Northwest, died at the Hoffman House, in this city, on the 19th inst. Mr. Mitchell was born in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, in 1817, and came to this country in 1839. He had received the solid contribution to a liberal education which most Scottish parish schools were able in those days to give, and he got a smattering of law and some experience of the business of banking before he left his native land. He went to Milwaukee as Secretary of the Wisconsin Marine and Fire Insurance Company—an organization which partook a good deal more of the character of a bank than its name implied. In 1839 Milwaukee had a population of less than 1500, and there were not over 30,000 people in the entire Territory of Wisconsin. But Chicago was then no more populous than Milwaukee, and their prospects for future greatness were apparently about equal. The Wisconsin Marine and Fire Insurance Company had been established by George Smith, of Chicago, another Aberdonian, for the purpose of supplying some much-needed financial facilities in the Northwest. The crisis of 1837 had left so deep-seated a distrust of anything that called itself a bank, that the new institution was incorporated nominally to insure against fire and marine losses. It was allowed, however, to receive deposits and issue certificates for them, and to lend money, and these came to be the chief elements of its business. Its certificates of deposit became a form of currency, and a very safe one, as experience proved. As much as a million and a half of these certificates, in the form of bank-bills of the usual denominations, were in circulation at one time, but none of them was ever dishonored. Very early in the career of the institution Mr. Smith's connection with it became merely nominal, and throughout most of its history it has been popularly known as Mitchell's bank.

The financial crisis of 1857 gave Mr. Mitchell a great opportunity to show his ability and sagacity by rescuing Milwaukee from impending bankruptcy. He was made one of the first commissioners of the city debt, and never ceased to exercise some supervision over the financial affairs of the municipality. Between the panic of 1857 and the close of the war, city and State alike had to pass through a very trying experience. Railroad construction had been effected by pledging the credit of cities, towns, and counties to a system of transportation greatly ahead of the necessities of the time, and with the general instability of the credit of State banks, which had used Southern bonds as security for their circulation, a general collapse of public and private credit seemed imminent. To Mr. Mitchell were largely due the preparation and execution of a plan to sustain bank credit and turn aside the threatened visitation of general bankruptcy. To him also was due the consolidation of the railroad interests of the State under the title of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Company, which has become one of the most extensive and valuable railroad properties in the United States.

In politics Mr. Mitchell was a Whig before the formation of the Republican party, and throughout the war period was among the most earnest and active of Republicans. His ideas of the policy of reconstruction were more liberal than those which prevailed in his party at the close of the war, and by 1876 he had drifted so far apart from Republicanism as to be a zealous supporter of the candidacy of Mr. Tilden. He was elected to Congress in 1870, and again in 1872, but afterward declined all political service, though it was repeatedly pressed on him. Mr. Mitchell never ceased to take an interest in things Scottish. He was the first President of the Milwaukee St. Andrew's Society, was patron of the Grand National Curling Club of America, and a member of other societies dear to Scotsmen; he was also a member of two or three of the leading clubs of New York. He was married in 1841 to Martha Reed, daughter of Seth Reed, a Milwaukee pioneer. One son, John L. Mitchell, is the issue of this union. The value of Mr. Mitchell's estate is estimated at $20,000,000 to $25,000,000.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* says of his domestic life: "Mr. Mitchell's social life was rather exclusive. He rarely appeared at public gatherings, the only exception being the banquets and entertainments of St. Andrew's Society. He preferred to spend his evenings in the companionship of a few old friends like Governor Ludington, Daniel Wells, General Hobart, William Young, and Hans Crocker. With them he would be jovial, but with others he seemed to discourage familiarity. He had a habit of walking away from a person talking to him. This was frequently witnessed on 'Change, when some of the most prominent members would have to follow him around the chamber, Mr. Mitchell acting as though annoyed and anxious to be let alone. He generally walked with his eyes upon the floor, his hands clenched behind his back, and apparently in deep thought. He would talk but little, and men who came to him for points would get but very little satisfaction."

THE DRINK QUESTION IN GERMANY.

About a year ago an investigation of the liquor traffic was begun under the direction of the federal legislature of Switzerland. This report is quite exhaustive, and was made for the purpose of determining what could be done by the republic in order to restrict the use of ardent spirits, and lessen the evil effects of inebriety. The Commission carefully examined the laws in vogue in thirteen other countries, and to it the writer is indebted for much of the information which follows.

The variety of laws on this subject in the German Empire may be imagined when it is stated that a German holding a prominent official position connected with the consular service in this country said to the writer that he could not tell what the laws were, they varied so widely in different localities. Speaking very generally, it may be observed that there are two distinct tax territories in Germany—first, the territory of the spirit tax, embracing a number of states of the North German Union which also belong to the Tax Union; second, the territory where the brewers' tax is paid, embracing all German states of the Tax Union except Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, and Alsace-Lorraine. The manufacture of spirits is regulated by severe laws, but the tax imposed is very small. In one district, for instance, it is 16.03 marks per hectolitre on spirits made in the country, while larger distilleries pay 15.26 marks per hectolitre. To retail spirits a license must be obtained from the local police authorities, but the general governments of the different countries have various restrictions of their own. Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden have separate laws on the taxation of ardent spirits. Licenses to sell beer are freely given, unless the reputation of the applicant is notoriously bad.

There is more beer drank in Bavaria than in any other country in the world. The residents of Munich average yearly 470 quarts to each person, or about 1¼ quarts daily—thirteen times the average of a citizen of the United States. Beer is drank at all times and at all ages, from the cradle up. Thousands of men drink eight quarts a day, and the case of one man has been cited who has drunk seventeen quarts a day for many years. Another man was known to drink six and a half quarts every evening, besides what he had taken during the day. Students drink from ten to twelve quarts at a single sitting. The percentage of alcohol in Bavarian beer is less than in any other beer, the winter beer containing about 4 per cent., and the summer beer 4.5 per cent. of alcohol. The brewers are controlled by strict laws, having reference to the quantity of beer they propose to make. A brewer is not allowed to crush his malt until he has declared the amount intended to be crushed, and has paid or given security for the amount of taxes due the state and the municipality.

The Swiss Commission before alluded to concludes its observations on the liquor traffic in the German Empire by observing that "the abuse of ardent spirits prevails in Germany to a great extent among the lower classes, and particularly either in those parts of the empire whose population do not take any considerable part in the growing consumption of malt liquors, or in those localities where wine is not accessible to the large body of the people." A gentleman who spent some time in Alsace-Lorraine during the spring of 1885 says that he observed with interest the working of an ordinary license law passed for the purpose of checking intemperance by limiting the number of drinking places. Distilled spirits are greatly favored in this part of the country, and whiskey, being cheap, is a favorite beverage when through a failure in the grape crop wine is beyond the reach of the poor man. "Alcoholism," says this observer, "formerly little known in these fertile provinces, made rapid progress, and it was thought that a license law would stay it. But the authorities of Alsace-Lorraine, and especially the legislative representatives of that country, though much at variance in certain particulars, now all agree that the law can never attain its object unless the higher authorities impose heaver taxes upon ardent spirits, and unless, locally, a broad distinction is made between these drinks and fermented beverages."

This subject was afterward discussed at a session of the legislature. One representative remarked that since the passage of the license law the consumption of whiskey had been larger than ever before. "The burden of the wine tax," he said, "was most keenly felt by the poor classes. A reduction of the number of drinking places is by no means proof of a diminution of alcoholism. Saloons do not make drinkers, but drinkers make saloons. We must have a heavy tax on ardent spirits, and do away with the present license system." Another representative, who opposed the repeal of the license law, proposed to confine the sale of ardent spirits to a fixed number of saloons, and to tax the latter as heavily as possible. The Assistant Secretary of State thought a local tax on whiskey would not be permissible, and gave it as his opinion that drunkenness could be very much diminished by cheapening wine, and still more so by popularizing malt liquors. A bill was finally passed instructing the government to take the necessary steps to free Alsace-Lorraine from the operation of the national law on spirit taxes, and enable these provinces to impose local taxes on the manufacture and sale of ardent liquors.

Drunkenness in Germany, as in most European countries, is not a punishable offence. The law provides, however, that where a man is addicted to excessive drinking, gambling, or sloth, to a condition which renders him or those who depend upon him a charge upon the community, he shall be incarcerated for a period not exceeding six weeks. Upon his discharge he is placed under police surveillance. If he does not reform his habits, the local authorities have the right to confine him to the workhouse for two years, or to use his labor for public purposes. One interesting feature in the military penal code of the German Empire is the fact that drunkenness is regarded as no excuse for violation of military discipline. Where a soldier drinks to excess for the purpose of making himself unfit to go in battle, he subjects himself to a penalty of five years' imprisonment.

George J. Manson.

TO A FAN.

Come to my rescue, pretty fan,
And while I wave you, if you can,
Revive my senses stupid;
And blow upon her blushing cheek
Until she smile, and I may speak,
You rosy wing of Cupid.

Breathe all the coolness you can find
Beneath the gently swaying blind,
Between the red rose clusters,
And fan away all doubt and fear,
That I may see my dainty dear
Through hope's own smiling lustres.

Within this cozy nook, apart
From watchful eyes, from jealous heart,
How could fate be but gracious?
The fountain under dim leaves falls,
The band with far sweet voices calls
Adown the stairway spacious.

Mamma, one moment from her post,
Is in a crony's gossip lost—
Pray Heaven it be long-winded!
Papa, engrossed by politics,
Is blind to all love's subtle tricks—
A gentleman right-minded.

The pale old moon, in love with night,
Is kissing her with lips of light;
The sea with ripples dances.
Within such hours there is a spell,
O fan, that we might use it well,
You helper of romances!

Ah, now I'm really going to speak;
Make haste to cool her heated cheek,
So that her heart grow warmer,
And send a sweetly broken yes
Up to her lips, my heart to bless,
My radiant little charmer.

Susan Hartley.

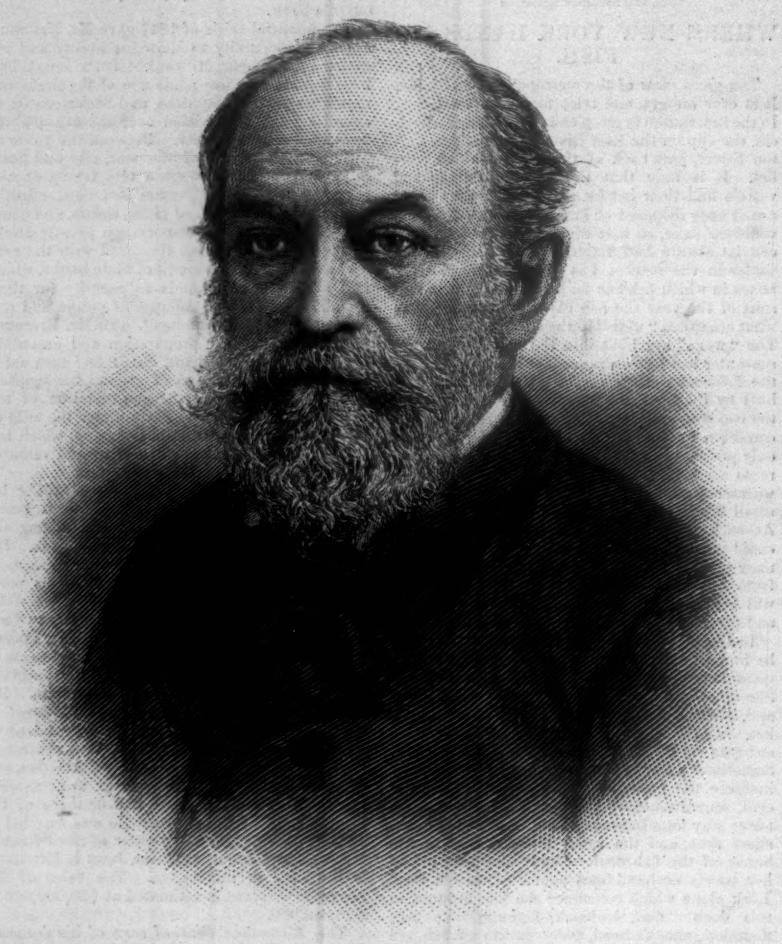
RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH.

We give in this number of the **Weekly** a picture of the Right Hon. **William Henry Smith**, M.P., First Lord of the Treasury in the present British Cabinet, represented as engaged in his official duties. He is a man of about sixty-two years, having been born in Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, London, in 1825. His father was the well-known Mr. W. H. **Smith**, publisher, bookseller, and news agent, of the Strand, London, and Bournemouth, Hampshire. After being educated at Tavistock Grammar-School, the younger **Smith** entered his father's business, duly rose to be a partner, and found himself in possession of a handsome fortune before reaching middle life. At the age of forty he stood as a Conservative candidate for Parliament for Westminster, but was defeated. Three years later, however, in November, 1868, he renewed his candidacy, and then was successful, defeating no less a person than **John Stuart Mill**, who had triumphed over him at the previous election. This victory brought Mr. **Smith** into great prominence, and he easily retained his seat for Westminster in subsequent elections, being at the head of the poll in 1874, and continuing to represent the same constituency until 1885.

In 1874 Lord **Beaconsfield** made Mr. **Smith** Financial Secretary of the Treasury, and this position he held for more than three years, showing a skill in the duties of his office which abundantly justified the Prime Minister's selection. He was next appointed First Lord of the Admiralty and a Cabinet Minister, succeeding Mr. **Ward Hunt**. His accession to this office was received with general approval, and he proved a very acceptable Minister of Marine. In 1879 Oxford University conferred on him the degree of D.C.L.

In the year 1885, under Lord **Salisbury**'s administration, Mr. **Smith** became Secretary of State for War, and just before the Ministry went out of power in January, 1886, was made Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; but he returned to his former position of Chief Secretary for War when, later in the same year, Lord **Salisbury** again came into power. Meanwhile, in 1885, he had been returned to Parliament for the new London division of the Strand. During the present year he has become First Lord of the Treasury, and leader of the House of Commons.

Mr. **Smith** is distinguished for sound judgment and good sense. As a speaker he is clear and logical. While a strong Conservative leader, much relied upon by his party for his business capacity, he is courteous to opponents. His attention has been much directed toward the reduction of taxation, the relief of pauperism, and the Irish land question. He was for four years a member of the London School Board, and supported Mr. **Forster**'s education bill. His influence both in business life and in politics has been due to sterling rather than sharp qualities.

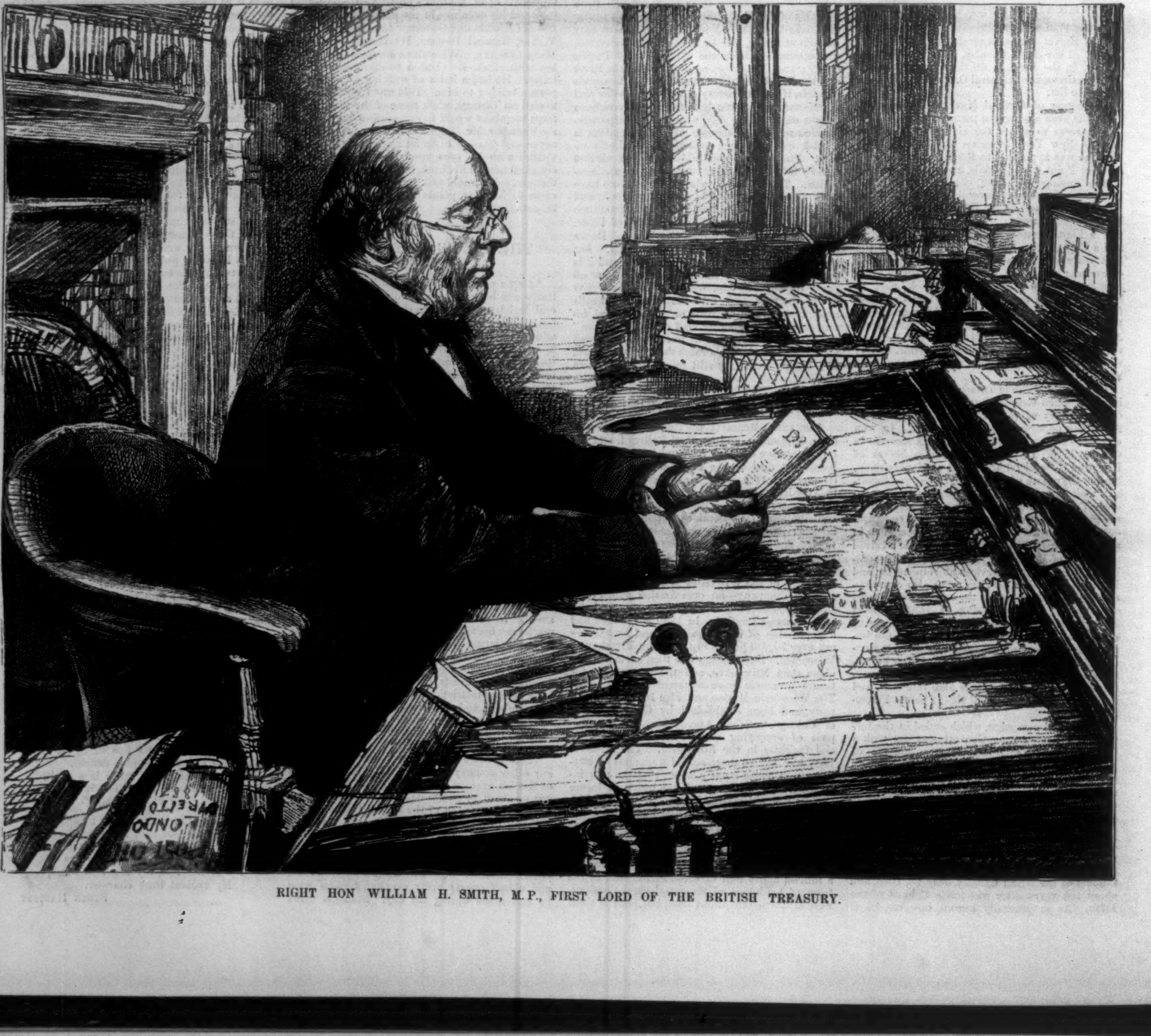


ALEXANDER R. LAWTON, OF GEORGIA, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO AUSTRIA.

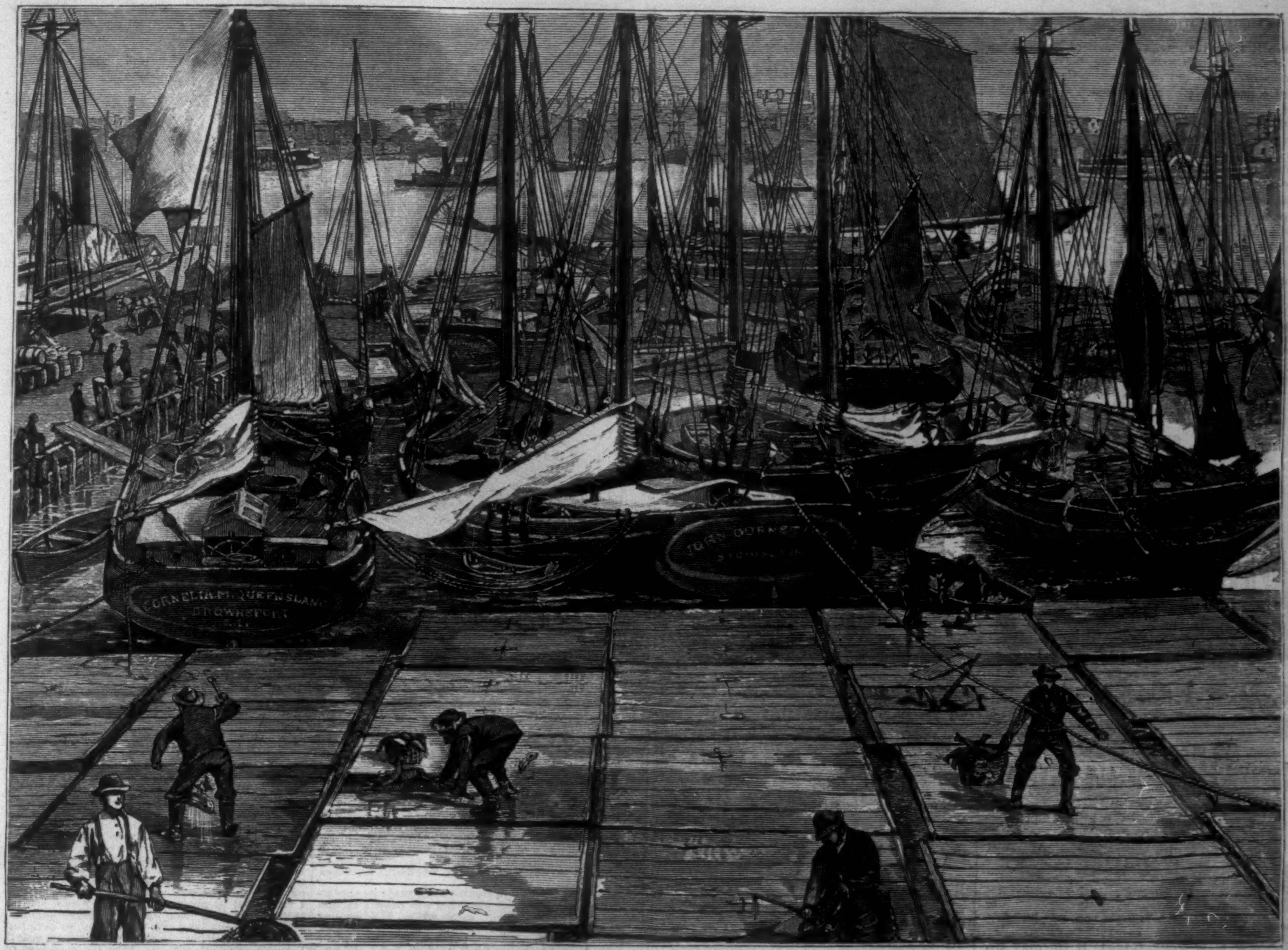
GENERAL A. R. LAWTON.

The long-vacant Austrian mission has at last been filled by the appointment of General **Alexander R. Lawton**, of Georgia, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. General **Lawton** was born in South Carolina in 1818, graduated at West Point, and served for a year or two as Second Lieutenant in the First Artillery. He then resigned and adopted the profession of law, which he practised at Savannah. He was President of the Savannah and Augusta Railroad in 1850, and was chosen a member of the Georgia House of Representatives in 1855, and of the Senate in 1859. On the outbreak of the civil war he was made a Brigadier-General in the Confederate army. Prior to that, as Colonel of the First Georgia Volunteers, he had occupied Fort Pulaski under State authority. During the progress of the war he became Quartermaster-General of the Confederacy. At its close he returned to the practice of law at Savannah, and renewed his distinction in that profession. He was again chosen to the Georgia House in 1875, and four years later was Vice-President of the Constitutional Convention. He is attorney for the Georgia Central Railroad, and a trustee of the State University.

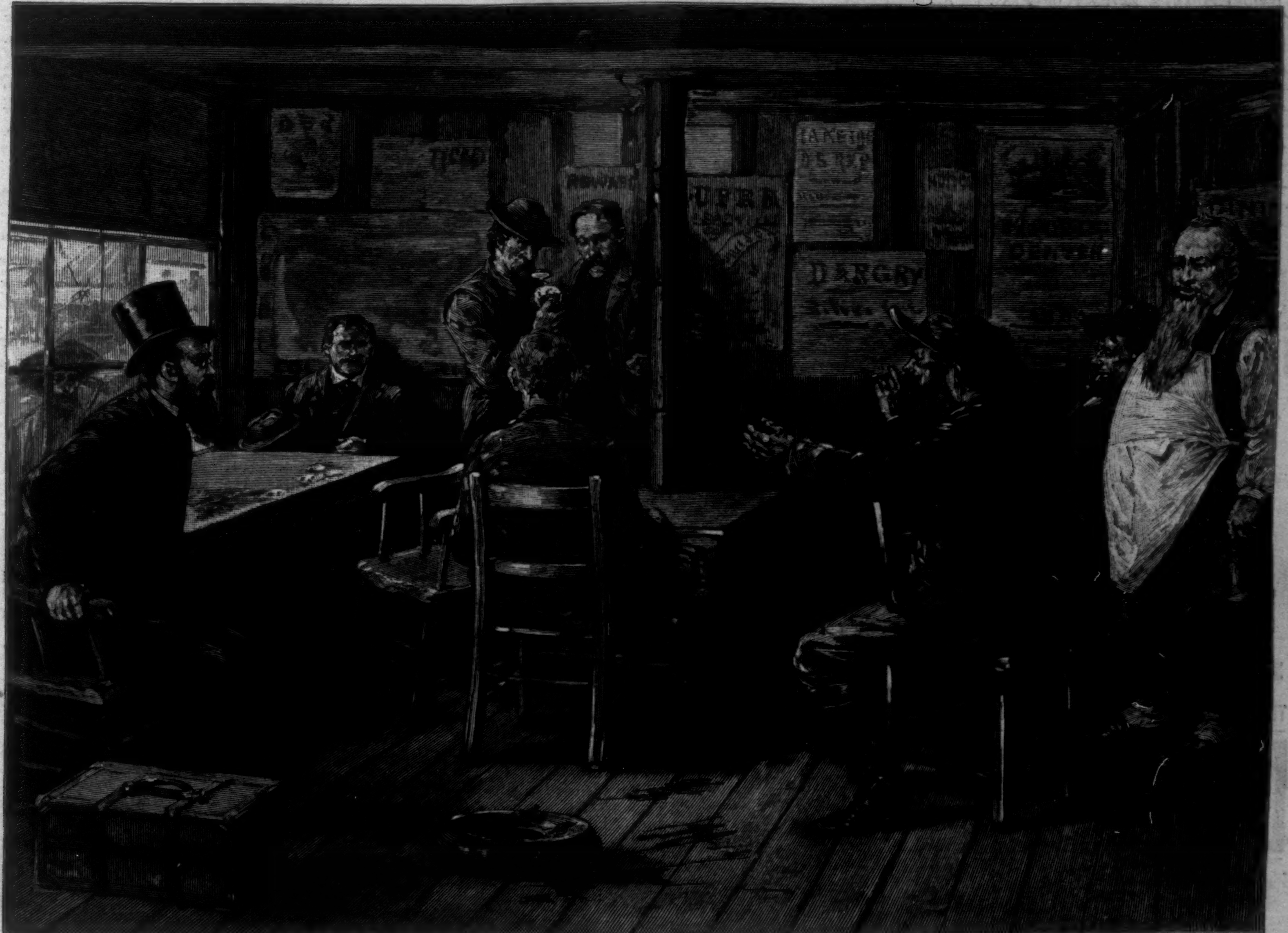
The present is not the first diplomatic appointment which General **Lawton** has received from President **Cleveland**. Two years ago he was nominated as Minister to Russia. The Senate Judiciary Committee, however, reported, after examination, that he was still under political disabilities. The President took the ground that a pardon received from President **Johnson** had removed those disabilities. General **Lawton**, however, relieved the Administration of embarrassment by declining the nomination, which was accordingly withdrawn. Soon after, he petitioned the Senate to remove any disabilities under which he might still be resting, and an act for that purpose was passed in December, 1885. Now, accordingly, President **Cleveland** again chooses him for diplomatic preferment, and he becomes the new Minister to Austro-Hungary. Doubtless he will receive the warmer welcome at Vienna from the fact that his presence there will put an end to the unpleasant sequences of the **Keiley** incident.



RIGHT HON WILLIAM H. SMITH, M.P., FIRST LORD OF THE BRITISH TREASURY.


CORNELIA M. QUEENSLAND
BROWNSPORT

THE FISH LANDING SLIP AT FULTON MARKET, NEW YORK.—Drawn by D. C. Beard.—[See Page 315.]



A RICH STRIKE—"A MILLION IN SIGHT."—Drawn by A. C. Redwood after a Sketch by Alfred Mitchell.—[See Page 311.]

TO DISLODGE THE ENEMY,

When it takes the form of disease of the kidneys or bladder, is a task well nigh impossible of accomplishment. Renal and vesical maladies are more obstinate than any others. Counteract, therefore, the earliest indications of inactivity of the many organs with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which possesses, among other excellent qualities, those of an efficient diuretic. The degree of stimulation apparent from its use reaches, but never goes beyond, the bounds of safety. It invigorates always, never irritates. Bright's disease, diabetes, catarrh of the bladder, are diseases successfully combated in their incipiency with this benign medicinal stimulant and tonic. Besides reinforcing and regulating the kidneys and bladder, the Bitters is a specific for fever and ague, constipation and dyspepsia.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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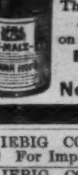

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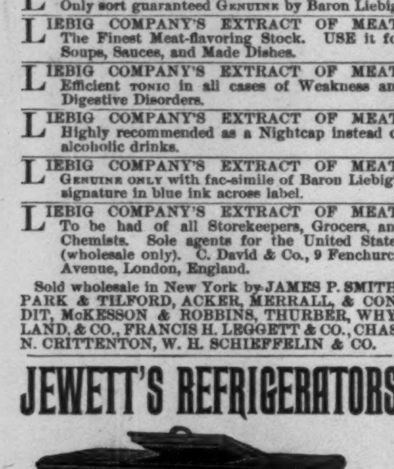

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The Greatest Curative Success of the Age—A Voice from the People.

No medicine introduced to the public has ever met with the success accorded to Hop Bitters. It stands to-day the best-known curative article in the world. Its marvellous renown is not due to the advertising it has received. It is famous by reason of its inherent virtues. It does all that is claimed for it. It is the most powerful, speedy, and effective agent known for the building up of debilitated systems. The following witnesses are offered to prove this:

What it Did for an Old Lady.

Coshocton Station, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1884.

GENTS:—A number of people have been using your Bitters here, and with marked effect. In fact, one case, a lady of over seventy years, had been sick for years, and for the past ten years I have known her she has not been able to be around half the time. About six months ago she got so feeble she was *helpless.* Her old remedies, or physicians, being of no avail, I sent to Deposit, forty-five miles, and got a bottle of Hop Bitters. It had such a very beneficial effect on her that one bottle improved her so she was able to dress herself and walk about the house. When she had taken the second bottle she was able to take care of her own room and walk out to her neighbor's and has improved all the time since. My wife and children also have derived great benefit from their use.

W. B. HATHAWAY,
Agt. U. S. Ex. Co.

An Enthusiastic Endorsement.

Gorham, N. H., July 15, 1886.

GENTS:—Whoever you are, I don't know, but I thank the Lord and feel grateful to you to know that in this world of adulterated medicines there is one compound that proves and does all it advertises to do, and more. Four years ago, I had a slight shock of palsy, which unnerved me to such an extent that the least excitement would make me shake like the ague. Last May I was induced to try Hop Bitters. I used one bottle, but did not see any change; another did so change my nerves that they are now as steady as they ever were. It used to take both hands to write, but now my good right hand writes this. Now, if you continue to manufacture as honest and good an article as you do, you will accumulate an honest fortune, and confer the greatest blessing on your fellowmen that was ever conferred on mankind.

TIM BURCH.

A Husband's Testimony.

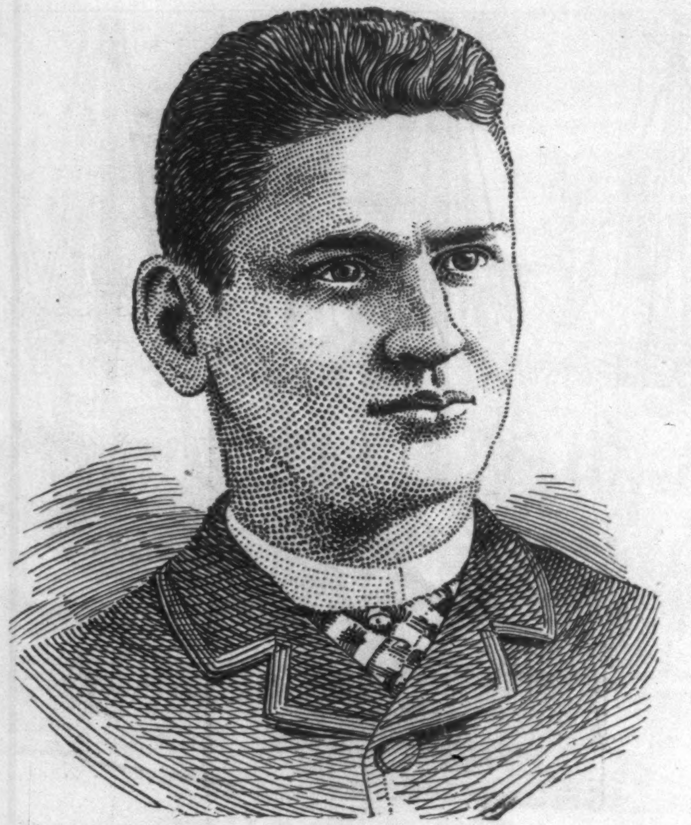
My wife was troubled for years with blotches, moth patches and pimples on her face, which nearly annoyed the life out of her. She spent many dollars on the thousand infallible (?) cures, with nothing but injurious effects. A lady friend, of Syracuse, N. Y., who had had similar experience and had been cured with Hop Bitters, induced her to try it. One bottle has made her face as smooth, fair and soft as a child's and given her such health that it seems almost a miracle.

A MEMBER OF CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

A Rich Lady's Experience.

I travelled all over Europe and other foreign countries at a cost of thousands of dollars, in search of health and found it not. I returned discouraged and disheartened, and was restored to real youthful health and spirits with less than two bottles of Hop Bitters. I hope others may profit by my experience and stay at home.

A LADY, AUGUSTA, ME.



W. J. McDonald

In returning thanks to you for my miraculous cure of eczema or salt-rheum, I deem it advisable to give you a detailed account of my case, and as there is and always will be a prejudice against advertised remedies, you have my consent to publish this testimonial, and all inquiries, by letter or in person, I will cheerfully answer. I do this that people who go on year after year paying out large sums of money to incompetent physicians and receive no cure, or even relief, or end in filling a premature grave, as was nearly my case, may be induced to make trial of the wonderful CUTICURA REMEDIES.

At the age of three months a rash made its appearance on my face. A physician was called; he said teething was the cause; he prescribed some cooling medicine, but the sores spread to my ears and head. Another M. D. was called. He professed to know all about the case, called it "King's Evil," and prescribed gunpowder, brimstone, and lard mixed into a salve, but the disease continued. They could not do anything with it. Another prescribed borax water and flour; another, linseed poultices. None of them did me any good at all, but made me worse. The disease continued unabated; it spread to my arms and legs, till I was laid up entirely, and from continual sitting on the floor on a pillow my limbs contracted so that I lost all control of them, and was utterly helpless. My mother would have to lift me out and into bed. I could get around the house on my hands and feet, but I could not get my clothes on at all, and had to wear a sort of dressing-gown. My hair had all matted down or fallen off, and my head, face, and ears were one scab, and I had to have a towel on my head all the time in the summer to keep the flies off. My parents consulted a prominent physician and surgeon here in Chicago (the other physicians before mentioned were of Dundas and Hamilton, Canada); he said he could do nothing for me, that the chances were that I would grow out of it, or that it would strike inwardly and kill me in time. He wanted to cut the sinews of my legs so that I could walk, but I would not let him, for if I did get better I would have no control of them.

The disease continued in this manner until I was seventeen years old, and one day in January, 1879, in the Chicago *Tribune*, I read an account of your medicines. They described my case so exactly that I thought, as a last resort, to give them a trial.

When I first applied the CUTICURA, I was all raw and bleeding from scratching myself, but when I applied it I went asleep almost immediately, something I had not done for years, the effect was so soothing.

The first morning after using it my flesh (I had no skin only on the end of my nose) was a pink color. Next day it was kind of white, and I could place my hands on the sores without it being painful. In about two weeks I could stand straight, but not walk, I was so weak, but my sores were nearly well. Then I commenced the use of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and in three days I was worse than ever. I was one mass of pimples from the top of my head to the soles of my feet; to say they were painful would not do justice to the case. In from two to four days they burst and left a small scale, which dropped off and left the spot pure and the skin white, and as near as I can judge I was cured in about six to eight weeks, and up to this date (*i. e.*, from January, 1879, to January, 1887) I have not been sick in any way, or have had the least signs of the disease reappearing on me. I have an excellent appetite, have the very best of health. My limbs are straight, supple, and strong. I have been exposed to all sorts of weather without the least signs of the disease yet. The only difference I find in myself is that my skin is finer, softer, and not so liable to get chapped as is other persons'.

No doubt many persons will not believe this almost improbable story, many will think it grossly exaggerated. I don't blame them a bit if they do, but to satisfy themselves, they can call or write to me and find out if what I have written above is true or not. There are many persons who can testify to the wonderful cure I have received by your CUTICURA REMEDIES.

Gentlemen, let me again thank you for my cure.

3732 Dearborn St., W. J. McDONALD.
CHICAGO, ILL., Jan. 30, 1887.

Nothing is known to science at all comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

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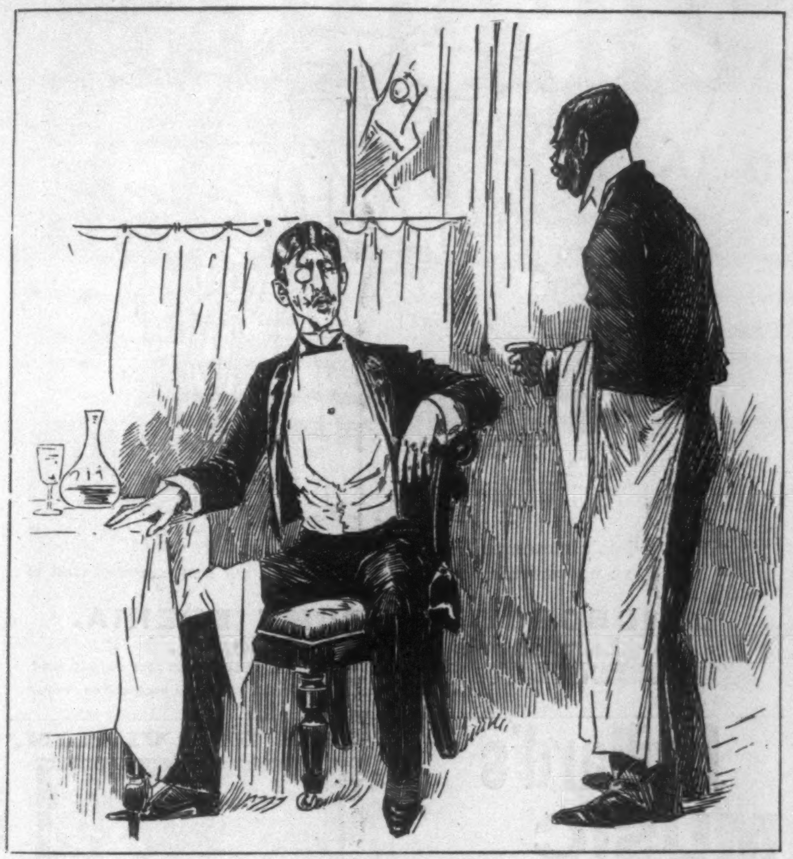
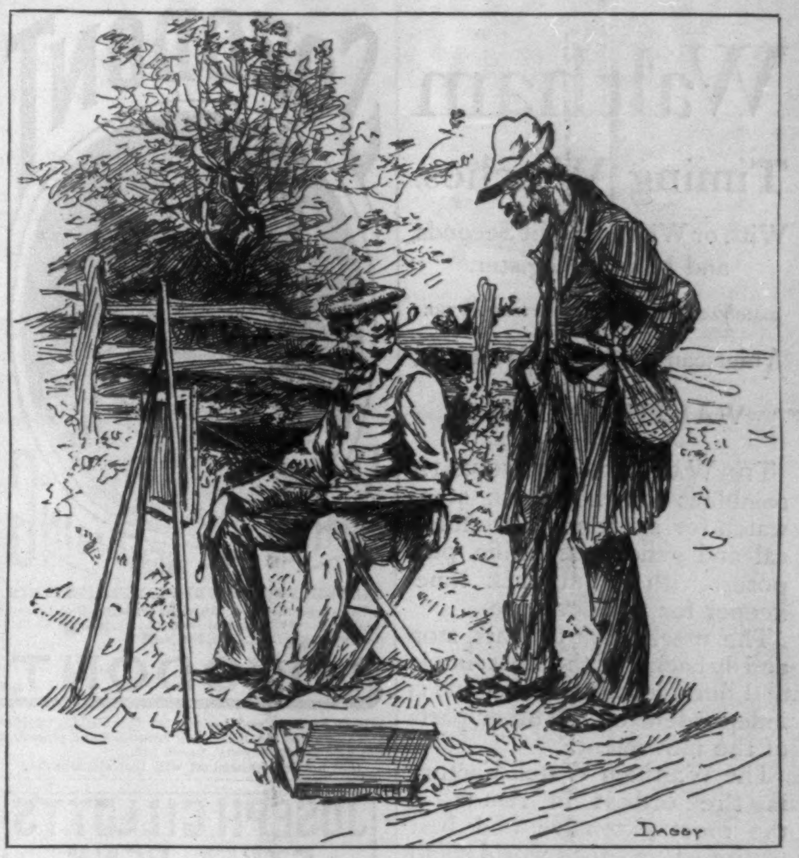


A MODERATE APPETITE.

IMPECUNIOUS DUDE. "Waiter, bring me one oyster on the half-shell."
WAITER. "Yes, sah. Anything else, sah?"
I. D. "Do you take me for a hog?"



AN ATTRACTIVE PROFESSION.

TRAMP (*with flattery in his tone and a possible quarter in his eye*). "That's a fine trade uf yorn. Yes, sir, I'd give all I'm worth in the world if I could do that sort of thing."

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Never fail to give speedy proof of their efficacy as the best-known external remedy for Weak Back, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Pulmonary and Kidney Difficulties, Malaria, Dyspepsia, Heart, Spleen, Liver, and Stomach Affections, Strains, and all Local Pains. They have been tested in thousands of cases, and their value has been attested by the highest medical authorities, as well as by voluntary and unimpeachable testimonials from thousands who have used them.

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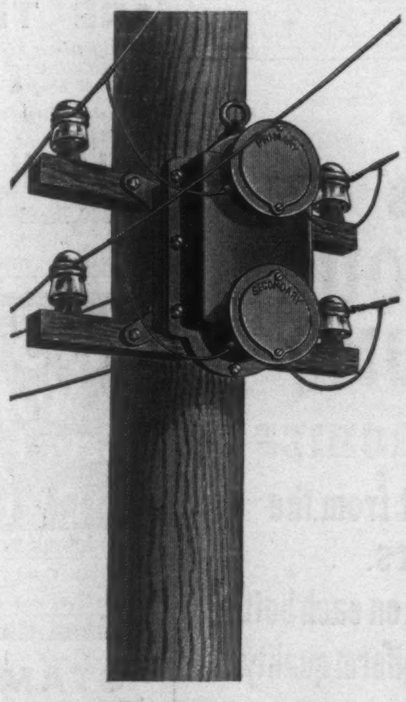

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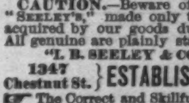

Fig. 1.

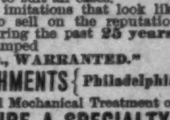

Fig. 5.

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